

T H E
P R I N C E S S
O F
C L E V E,

As it was Acted

A T T H E
Queens Theatre
I N
D O R S E T - G A R D E N.

By Nat. Lee, Gent.

*Tuque, dum procedis, Io Triumphe,
Non semel dicemus: Io Triumphe,
Civitas omnis, dabimusque diviis
-----Thura benignis. Horat.*

L O N D O N, Printed in the Year, 1689.

THE
PRINCIPLES
OF
CLEAVE

THE
GREAT THEATRE

IN
DORSET-GARDEN

By William Galt

THE
THEATRE
OF
DORSET-GARDEN

By William Galt

TO THE

Right Honourable *Charles* Earl of *Dorset* and
Middlesex, Lord Chamberlain of His Ma-
jesties Household, and one of His Majesties
most Honourable Privy-Council, &c.

May it please your Lordship,

THis Play, when it was Acted, in the Chara-
cter of the Princess of *Jainville*, had a re-
semblance of *Marguerite* in the Massacre of
Paris, Sister to *Charles* the Ninth, and Wife
to *Henry* the Fourth King of *Navar*: That fatal Mar-
riage which cost the Blood of so many Thousand Men,
and the Lives of the best Commanders. What was bor-
rowed in the Action is left out in the Print, and quite
obliterated in the minds of Men. But the Duke of
Guise, who was Notorious for a bolder Fault, has
wrested two whole Scenes from the Original, which
after the Vacation he will be forc'd to pay. I was, I
confess, through Indignation, forc'd to limb my own
Child, which Time, the true Cure for all Maladies, and
Injustice has set together again. The Play cost me
much pains, the Story is true, and I hope the Object
will display Treachery in its own Colours. But this
Farce, Comedy, Tragedy or meer Play. was a Re-
venge for the Refusal of the other; for when they ex-

pected the most polish'd Hero in *Nemours*, I gave 'em
a *Ruffian* reeking from *Whetstone's Park*. The fourth
and fifth Acts of the Chances, where *Don John* is
pulling down; Marriage *Islamode*, where they are bare to
the Waste; the *Libertine*, and *Epsom Wells*, are but Co-
pies of his Villany. He lays about him like the *Gla-*
diator in the Park; they may walk by, and take no
notice. I beg your Lordship to excuse this account,
for indeed 'tis all to introduce the Massacre of *Paris* to
your Favour, and approve it to be play'd in its first
Figure.

Your Lordships

Humble and Obedient Servant,

NAT. LEE.

This

This Song should be inserted in Act V. Scene III.

WEEP all ye Nymphs, your Floods unbind,
For Sirephon's now no more;
Your Tresses spread before the Wind,
And leave the hated Shore:
See, see, upon the craggy Rocks,
Each Goddess stripp'd appears;
They beat their Breasts, and rend their Locks,
And swell the Sea with Tears.

II.

The God of Love that fatal hour,
When this poor Youth was born,
Had sworn by Stryx to show his Power,
He'd kill a Man e'er Morn':
For Sirephon's Breast he arm'd his Dart,
And watch'd him as he came;
He cry'd, and shot him through the Heart,
Thy Blood shall quench my Flame.

III.

On Stella's Lap he laid his Head,
And looking in her Eyes,
He cry'd, Remember when I'm dead,
That I deserve the Prize:
Then down his Tears like Rivers ran,
He sigh'd, You Love, 'tis true;
You love perhaps a better Man,
But Ah! he loves not you.

CHORUS.

WHY should all things bow to Love,
Men below, and Gods above?
Why should all things bow to Love?
Death and Fate more awful move,
Death below, and Fate above,
Death below, and Fate above.
Mortals, Mortals, try your skill,
Seeking Good, or shunning Ill,
Fate will be the burden still,
Will be the burden still,
Fate will be the burden still,
Fate will be the burden still.

THE [illegible] OF [illegible]

BY [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

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[illegible]

T H E P R O L O G U E.

TRust was the Glory of the foremost Age,
 When Truth and Love with Friendship did engage,
 When Man to Man cou'd walk with Arms entwin'd,
 And vent their Grievs in spaces of the Wind,
 Express their minds, and speak their thoughts as clear,
 As Eastern Mornings op'ning to the year.
 But since that Law and Treachery came in,
 And open Honesty was made a Sin,
 Men wait for Men as Dogs for Foxes prey,
 And Women wait the closing of the day.
 There's scarce a man that ventures to be good,
 For Truth by Knaves was never understood;
 For there's the Curse, when Vice o'er Vertue rules,
 That all the World are Knaves or downright Fools.
 So they may make advantage of th' Allay,
 They'll take the Dross and through the Gold away.
 Women turn Usurers with their own affright,
 And Want's the Hag that rides 'em all the night.
 The little Mob, the City Wastcoateer,
 Will pinch the Back to make the Buttock bare,
 And drain the last poor Guinea from her Dear. }
 Thus Times are turn'd upon a private end,
 There's scarce a Man that's generous to his Friend.
 But there's a Monarch on a Throne sublime,
 That makes Truth Law, and gives the Poets Rhime;
 Be his the bus'ness of our little Fates,
 Our mean Contentions, and their high Debates.
 By Sea and Land our most Imperial Lord,
 With all the Praises Blest that Hearts afford, }
 With Lawrels Crown'd, unconquer'd by the Sword:
 William the Sovereign of our whole Affairs,
 Our Guide in Peace, and Council in the Wars.

The

The Names of the Actors.

PPrince of Cleve
Duke Nemours

Bellamore

Jaques

St. Andre

Vidam of Chartres

Poltrout

Mr. Williams.

Mr. Betterton.

Mr.

Mr.

Mr. Lee.

Mr. Gillo.

Mr. Nokes.

Women.

Princess of Cleve

Tournon

Marguerite

Elianor

Celia

Irene

La March

Mrs. Barry.

Mrs. Lee.

Lady Slingsby.

Mrs. Betterton.

Mrs.

Mrs.

Mrs.

Scene Paris.

T H E

(1)
T H E

Princess of Cleve.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Nemours, Bellamore. Fiddles Playing.

Nem. **H**Old there you Monsieur *Devol* ; prithe leave off playing fine in Confort, and stick to Time and Tune--So now the Song, call in the Eunuch ; come my pretty Stallion, Hem and begin.

S O N G.

ALL other Blessings are but Toyes
To his that in his sleep enjoys,
Who in his Fancy can possess
The object of his Happiness ;
The Pleasure's purer for he spares
The Pains, Expenses, and the Cares.

I I.

Thus when Adonis got the stone,
To Love the Boy still made his moan ;
Venus the Queen of Fancy came,
And as he slept she cool'd his flame ;
The Fancy charm'd him as he lay,
And Fancy brought the Stone away.

B

Nem.

The Princess of Cleve.

Nem. Sirrah, stick to clean Pleasures, deep Sleep, moderate Wine, sincere Whores, and thou art happy; Now by this damask Cheek I love thee; keep but this gracious Form of thine in health, and I'll put thee in the way of living like a man----What I have trusted thee with---My Love to the Princess of Cleve, Treasure it as thy Life, nor let the *Vidam* of *Chartres* know it; for howeyer I seem to cherish him, because he has the knack of telling a Story maliciously, and is a great pretender to Nature, I cast him off here---'Tis too much for him: Besides he is her Uncle, and has a sort of affected Honour, that wou'd make him grin to see me leap her---Hey *Jaques*---When Madam *Tournon* comes, bring her in; and heark you Sir, whoever comes to speak with me, while she is with me---

Jaq. What if the Dauphin comes?

Nem. What if his Father comes, Dog--Slave--Fool! What if *Paris* were a fire, the President and Council of sixteen at the door! I'm sick, I'm not within---I'm a hundred mile off---My bosom Dear---So young, and yet I trust thee too---But away, to the Princess of Cleve, thou art acquainted with her Women, watch her Motions, my sweet-fac'd Pimp, and bring me word of her rising.

Bell. She is a prize, my Lord, and oh what a night of pleasure has Cleve had with her--the first too!

Nem. Any thing but what makes such a pleasure, wou'd I give for such another---But be gone, and no more of this provoking discourse, lest Ravishing shou'd follow thee at the heels, and spoil my sober design.

Exeunt severally.

Enter Tournon, La March.

Jaq. Madam, my Lord was just now asking for you.

Tour. Go tell him I'm coming--Is he dress'd?

Jaq. Yes--But your Ladiship knows that's all one to him--

Tour. Honest *Jaques*, 'tis pity such Honesty should not be encourag'd--

Jaq. This comes of Pimping, which she calls Honesty. *Exit Jaq.*

Tour. Thus thou mayst see the method of the Queen---We are the lucky Sieves, where fond men trust their Hearts, and so she sifts 'em through us---

La M. What of *Nemours*, whom you thus early visit?

Tour.

Tour. The Queen designs to rob him of a Mistress, *Marguerite* the Princess of *Janvill*, whom he keeps from the knowledge of the Court; and if the Queen be a Judge, is contracted to her--- The Dauphin loves her too, whereon the Queen, Who works the Court quite round by Womankind, And thinks this way to mould his supple Soul, Resolves, if possible, to gain her for him.

La M. But how is't possible to work the Princess from the Duke *Nemours*, who loves him as the Queen affects Ambition.

Tour. Why thus she knows *Nemours* his Soul is bent Upon variety, therefore to gain her ends She has made me Sacrifice my Honour, nay I'm become his Bawd, and ply him ev'ry day With some new face, to wean his heart From *Marguerite's* Form, nor must you longer be Without your part.

La M. Employ me, for you know the Queen commands me.

Tour. There was a Letter dropt in the Tennis-Court Out of *Nemours* his Pocket, as I'm told, And read last night in the presence--- 'Tis your Task Silly to insinuate with *Marguerite*. This Note which came from some abandon'd Mistress, Is certainly the Dukes---

La M. Then Jealousie's the ground on which you build.

Tour. Right, we must make 'em jealous of each other; Jealousie breeds disdain in haughty minds, and so from the extremes of violent Love, proceeds to fiercest hate. But see the gay, the brisk, the topping Gallant *St. Andre* [*Enter St. A.* here, Cousen to *Polstrot*, who arrived from *England* with a pretty Wife last week, and Lodges in the Palace of this his related Fool--*St. Andre* has a Wife too of my acquaintance-- Both for the Duke my Dear; but haste I'm call'd-- [*Exit La March.*

Jaq. Madam--

Tour. I go.

[*Exit Tournon.*

St. A. Monsieur *Jaqes*, your most obliged faithful humble Servant. What, his Grace continues the old Trade I see, by the Flux of Bawds and Whores that choak up his Avenues, and I must confess, excepting my self, there's no man so built for Whoring

The Princess of Cleve.

as his Grace, black sanguine Brawny---a Roman Nose---long Foot and a stiff---calf of a Leg.

Jaq. Your Lordship has all these in Perfection.

St. A. Sir your most faithful obliged humble Servant. Boy---

B. My Lord--- *St. A.* How many Bottles last night?

B. Five my Lord. *St. A.* Boy. *B.* My Lord.

St. A. How many Whores? *B.* Six my Lord.

St. A. Boy--- *B.* My Lord.

St. A. What Quarrels, how many did I kill?

B. Not one my Lord--- But the night before you Hamstrung a Beadle, and run a Link-man in the Back---

St. A. What, and no Blood nor Blows last night?

B. O yes my Lord, now I remember me, you drew upon a Gentleman that knock'd you down with a Bottle.

St. A. Not so loud you Urchin, lest I twist your neck round--- Monsieur *Jaques* is his Grace stirring?

Jaq. My Lord, he's at Council---

St. A. Od I beg his Pardon, pray give my duty to him, and tell him, if he pleased to hear a languishing Air or two, I am at the Princess of Cleve's with a Serenade---Go Raskal, go to Monsieur *Polstrot*---tell him he'll be too late---Black airy shape---but then Madam *Cleve* is Vertuous, Chast, Cold---Gad I'll write to her, and then she's mine directly, for 'tis but reason of course, that he that has been Yoak'd to so many Dutcheffes, should at last back a Princess: Sir, your most obliged faithful and very humble Servant Sir. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Nemours, Tournon.

Tour. **U**Ndone, undone! will your sinful Grace never give over, will you never leave Ruining of Bodies and Damning of Souls---cou'd you imagine that I came for this? What have you done?

Nem. No harm, pretty Rogue, no harm, nay, prithee leave blubbering.

Tour. 'Tis blubbering now, plain blubbering, but before you had your will 'twas another tone; why Madam do you wast those

those precious Tears, each falling drop shines like an Orient Pearl, and sets a Gaity on a Face of Sorrow.

Nem. Thou art certainly the pleasantest of Womankind, and I the happiest of Men; dear delightful Rogue, let's have another Main like a winning Gamester, I long to make it t'other hundred Pound.

Tour. Inconsiderate horrid Peer, will you Damn your Soul deeper and deeper, can you be thus insensible of your Crime?

Nem. Why there's it, I was as a man may be, very dry, and thou kind Soul, gav'st me a good draught of Drink; now 'tis strange to me, if a man must be Damn'd for quenching his thirst.

Tour. Ha, Ha---Well, I'll swear you are such another man---who wou'd have thought you cou'd delude a Woman thus, and a Woman of Honour too, that resolv'd so much against it; Ah my Lord! your Grace has a cunning Tongue.

Nem. No cunning *Tournon*, my way is downright, leaving Body, State and Spirit, all for a pretty Woman, and when gray Hairs, Gout and Impotence come, no more but this, drink away pain, and be gathered to my Fathers.

Tour. Oh thou dissembler, give me your hand, this soft, this faithless violating hand, Heaven knows what this hand has to answer for.

Nem. And for this hand, with these long, white, round, pretty Bobbins, 'thas the kindest gripe, and I so love it, now Gad's Blessing on't, that's all I say---But come tell me, what no new Game, for thou knowest I dye directly without variety.

Tour. Certainly never Woman lov'd like me, who am not satisfied with sacrificing my own Honour, unless I rob my delights by undoing others---

Nem. Come, come, out with it, I see thou art big with some new Intrigue, and it labours for a vent.

Tour. What think you of *St. Andre's* Lady?

Nem. That I'm in Bed with her, because thou darst befriend me.

Tour. Nay, there's more---*Monsieur Paltrous* lodges in his House, with a young English Wife of the true breed, and the prettier of the two.

Nem. Excellent Creature, but command me something extravagant, as thy kindness, State, Life and Honour.

Tour.

Tour. Yet all this will be lost when you are married to *Marguerite*.

Nem. Never, by Heaven I'm thine, with all the heat and vigorous Inspiration of an unlesh'd Lover---and so will be while young Limbs and Lechery hold together, and that's a Bond methinks shou'd last till Doomsday.

Tour. But do you believe if *Marguerite* shou'd know---

Nem. The question's too grave---when and where shall I see the Gems thou hast in store?

Tour. By Noon or thereabouts; take a turn in *Luxemburg* Garden, and one, if not both, shall meet you.

Nem. And thou'lt appear in Person?

Tour. With Colours flying, a Handkerchief held out; and yet methinks it goes against my Conscience.

Nem. Away, that serious look has made thee old : Conscience and Consideration in a young Woman too? It makes a Bawd of thee before thy time.

Nay, now thou put'st me in Poetick Rapture,
And I must quote *Ronsard* to punish thee :
Call all your Wives to Council, and prepare
To Tempt, Dissemble, Flatter, Lye and Swear ;
To make her mine, use all your utmost skill,
Vertue! An ill-bred crossness in the will ;
Honour a Notion, Piety a Cheat,
Prove but successful Bawds and you are great.
Come, thou wilt meet me.

Tour. 'Tis resolv'd I will, till which time, thou dear Man---

Nem. Thou pretty Woman. *Tour.* Thou very dear Man.

Nem. Thou very pretty Woman one Kiss. *Tour.* Hey Ho---

Nem. Now all the Gods go with thee---

Tour. A word my Lord, you are acquainted with these Fops; set 'em in the modish way of abusing their Wives, they are turning already, and that will certainly bring 'em about.

Nem. *Bellamore* shall do't with less suspicion; farewell--[*Exit Tour.*
Hey Jaques--- *Enter Jaques with the Vidam.*

Jaq. Ha! my grave Lord of *Chartres*, welcome as Health, as Wine, and taking Whores---and tell me now the business of the Court.

Vid. Hold it *Nemours* for ever at defiance,
Fogs of ill humour, damps of Melancholy,

Old Maids of fifty choak'd with eternal Vapours,
Stuff it with fullsome Honour---dozing Vertue,
And everlasting dullness husk it round,
Since he that was the Life, the Soul of Pleasure,
Count *Rosidore*, is dead.

Nem. Then we may say
Wit was and Satyr is a Carcass now.
I thought his last Debauch wou'd be his Death---
But is it certain ?

Vid. Yes I saw him dust.
I saw the mighty thing a nothing made,
Huddled with Worms, and swept to that cold Den,
Where Kings lye crumbled just like other Men.

Nem. Nay then let's Rave and Elegize together,
Where *Rosidore* is now but common clay,
Whom every wiser Emmet bears away,
And lays him up against a Winters day.
He was the Spirit of Wit---and had such an art in gilding his
Failures, that it was hard not to love his Faults: He never spoke
a Witty thing twice, tho to different Persons; his Imperfections
were catching, and his Genius was so Luxuriant, that he was
forc'd to tame it with a Hesitation in his Speech to keep it in
view---But oh how awkward, how insipid, how poor and wretch-
edly dull is the imitation of those that have all the affectation of his
Verse and none of his Wit. *Enter Jaques.*

Jaq. My Lord, Monsieur *Poltrou* desires to kiss your Grace's hand.

Nem. Let's have him to drive away our Melancholy---

Vid. I wonder what pleasure you can take in such dull Dogs,
Asses, Fools.

Nem. But this is a particular Fool Man, Fate's own Fool, and
perhaps it will never hit the like again, he's ever the same thing,
yet always pleasing, ; in short, he's a finish'd Fool, and has a fine
Wife ; add to this his late leaving the Court of *France*, and going
to *England* to learn breeding. *Enter Poltrou.*

Pol. My Lord Duke, your Grace's most obedient humble Servant,
My Lord of *Chartres* and Monsieur *Jaques*, yours Monsieur, *St. Andre*
desires your Grace's presence at a Serenade of mine and his toge-
ther---And I must tell your Grace by the way, he is a great Master,
and the fondest thing of my Labours--- *Nem.*

Nem. And the greatest Oaf in the World.

Pol. How my Lord--

Vid. The whole Court wonders you will keep him company.

Nem. Such a passive Raskal, he had his Shins broke last night in the Presence, and were it not fear'd you wou'd second him, he wou'd be kick'd out of all Society.

Pol. I Second him my Lord, I'll see him Damn'd e'er I'll be Second to any Fool in Christendom---For to tell your Grace the truth, I keep him company and lye at his House, because I intend to lye with his Wife; a trick I learnt since I went into *England*, where o' my Conscience Cuckoldom is the Destiny of above half the Nation.

Nem. Indeed!

Pol. O there's not such another Drinking, Scowring, Roaring, Whoring Nation in the World---And for little *London*, to my knowledge, if a Bill were taken of the weekly Cuckolds, it wou'd amount to more than the Number of Christnings and Burials put together.

Vid. What, and were you acquainted with the Wits?

Pol. O Lord Sir, I liv'd in the City a whole year together, my Lord Mayor and I, and the Common-Council were sworn Brothers---I cou'd sing you twenty Catches and Drolls that I made for their Feast-days, but at present I'll only hint you one or two---

Nem. Pray do us the Favour Sir.

Pol. Why look you Sir, this is one of my chief ones, and I'll assure your Grace, 'twas much Sung at Court too.

O to Bed to me--- to Bed to me---&c.

Nem. Excellent, incomparable.

Pol. Why is it not my Lord? This is no Kickshaw, there's substance in the Air, and weight in the words; nay, I'll give your Grace a taste of another, the Tune is, let me see---Ay, Ay---

Give me the Lass that is true Country bred---

But I'll present your Grace with some words of my own, that I made on my Wife before I married her, as she sat singing one day in a low Parlour and playing on the Virginals.

Nem. For Heavens sake oblige us dear pleasant Creature---

Pol. I'll swear I'm so ticklish you'll put me out my Lord, for I am as wanton as any little *Bartholomew Bore-Pig---*

Vid. Dear soft delicate Rogue sing.

Pol.

Pol. Nay, I protest my Lord, I vow and swear, but you'll make me run to a Whore---Lord Sir, what do you mean?

Nem. Come then begin---

Poltrót Sings.

Phillis is soft, Phillis is plump,
And Beauty made up this delicate lump:
Like a Rose bud she looks, like a Lilly she smells,
And her Voice is a Note above sweet Philomel's.

Now a little Smutty my Lord is the fashion---

I I.

Her Breasts are two Hillocks where Hearts lye and pant,
In the Herbage so soft, for a thing that they want;
But Mum Sir for that, tho a notable Jest,
For if I shou'd name it you'd call me a Beast.

Enter St. Andre without his Hat and Wig.

St. A. My Lord, the Serenade is just begun, and if you don't come just in the nick---I beg your Grace's Pardon for interrupting you---But if you have a mind to hear the sweetest Aires in the World--- Nem. With all my heart Sir---

Pol. Nay, since your Grace has put my hand in, I'll sing you my Lord, before you go, the softest thing---compos'd in the Nonage of my Muse; yet such a one as our best Authors borrow from. Nay, I'll be judg'd by your Grace, if they do not steal their Dying from my Killing---

St. A. Nay prithee Poltrót thou art so impertinent.

Pol. No more impertinent than your self Sir, nor do I doubt Sir, but my Character shall be drawn by the Poets for a Man of Wit and Sense Sir, as well as your self Sir---

Vid. Ay I'll be sworn shall it---

Pol. For I know how to Repartee with the best, to Rally my Wife, to kick her too if I please Sir, to make Similes as fast as Hops Sir, tho I lay a dying slap dash Sir, quickly off and quickly on Sir, and as round as a Hoop Sir---

St. A. I grant you Dear Bully all this, but let's have your Song another time, because mine are begun.

Pol. Nay, look you Dear Rogue, mine is but a Prologue to your Play, and by your leave his Grace has a mind to hear it, and he shall hear it Sir---

C

Nem.

The Princess of Cleve.

Nem. Ay and will hear it Sir, tho the Great Turk were at St Dennis's Gate; come along my *Orpheus*, and then Sir we'll follow you to the Prince of Cleve's—

Ballad—*When Phœbus had fetch'd, &c.* [Exeunt Singing.

SCENE III.

The Prince of Cleve's Palace. *Musick,*

S O N G.

IN a Room for Delight, the Landskip of Love,
Like a shady old Lawn
With the Curtains half drawn,
My Love and I lay, in the cool of the day,
Till our Joies did remove.

II.

So fierce was our Fight, and so smart e'ry stroke,
That Love the little Scout
Was put to the Rout;
His Bow was unbent, e'ry Arrow was spent,
And his Quiver all broke.

Enter *Vidam*, *Nemours*.

Nem. I have lost my Letter, and by your Description
It must be that which the Queen read at Court.
But are you sure the Princess of Cleve has seen it?

Vid. Why are you so concern'd, does your wild Love
Turn that way too—She is too Grave.

Nem. Too Grave, as if I cou'd not laugh with this, and try
with that, and veer with every gust of Passion—But has she seen it?

Vid. She has the Letter, the Queen Dauphin sent it her.

Nem. Then you must own it on occasion, and whatever else I
shall put upon your Person— *Vid.* Why?

Nem. Left it shou'd reach the Ears of *Marguerite*,
For, Oh my *Vidam*! 'tis such a ranting Devil,
If she believes this Letter mine, when next
We meet, beware my Locks and Eyes—No more,
But this remember that, you own it.

[Exit.

Enter *St. Andre* and *Poltrout*.

St. A. His Bow was unbent, &c.

[Singing with *Poltrout*.

Come, my Lord, we'll have all over agen.

Enter

The Princess of Cleve.

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Enter the Prince of Cleve.

Vid. See, we have rais'd the Prince of Cleve:

My Lord, good Morrow—

P. C. Good morrow my good Lord—Save you my dear *Nemours!*

Pol. Give you Joy my Lord: What a little blew under the Eyes, Ha, Ha—

St. A. Give you Joy my Lord: Ha, my Lord, Ha. [*Holds up 3 Fing.*

Pol. Ha, my Lord, Ha— [*Holding up five Fingers.*

P. C. You are merry Gentlemen—I am not in the vein,

Therefore, Dear *Chartres*, take these Fingers hence.

St. A. My Lord, you look a little heavy, shall we Dance, Sing, Fence, take the Air, Ride—

Vid. Come away Sir, the Prince is indispos'd.

St. A. Gad I remember now I talk of riding, at the Tournament of *Mete*, as I was riding the great Horse—

Vid. Leave off your Lying, and come along.

St. A. With three pushes of Pike, and six hits of Sword, I wounded the Duke of *Ferrara*, Duke of *Millain*, Duke of *Parma*, Prince of *Cleve*—

P. C. My Lord, I was not there—

St. A. My Lord—I beg your Lordships pardon, I meant the *Vidam* of *Chartres*.

Vid. You Lye, I was then at *Rome*.

St. A. My Lord—

Pol. Ha, Ha—Lord, Lord, how this World is given to Lying! Ha—Come, come, you're damnably out, come away.

St. A. My Lord, I beg your pardon, I see you are indispos'd, besides the Queen oblig'd me this Morning to let 'em choofe Colours for my Complexion—

Vid. Hark you, will you go or shall I— [*Pulling him off by the Nose.*

St. A. My Friend, my Lord you see, is a little Familiar, but I am ever your Highness's most humble faithful obedient Servant. [*Exeunt.*

Manet P. Cleve.

Full of himself, the happy Man is gone;

Why was not I too cast in such a Mould?

To think like him, or not to think at all.

*The Princess of Cleve.**Enter the Princess of Cleve.*

Had he a Bride like me, Earth wou'd not bear him :
But Oh I wish that it might cover me!

Since *Chartres* cannot love me: Oh I found it!

Last night I found it in her cold Embraces ;

Her Lips too cold--Cold as the Dew of Death :

And still whene'er I prest her in my arms,

I found my Bosom all afloat with Tears.

Princess C. He weeps, O Heaven! my Lord--the Prince of Cleve.

P. C. My Life, my Dearest part !

Princess C. Why Sighs my Lord ?

What have I done Sir, thus to discompose you ?

P. C. Nothing.

Princess C. Ah Sir, there is a Grief within,
And you wou'd hide it from me.

P. C. Nothing my *Chartres*, nothing here but Love.

Princess C. Alas, my Lord, you hide that Secret from me,
Which I must know or think you never lov'd me.

P. C. Ah Princess! that you lov'd but half so well !

Princess C. I have it then, you think me Criminal,
And tax my Honour--

P. C. Oh forbid it Heaven---

But since you press me Madam, let me ask you,

Why when the Princess led you to the Altar,

Why cak'd the Tears upon your Bloodless Face ?

Why sigh'd you when your hand was clasp'd with mine ?

As if your Heart, your Heart refus'd to joyn.

Princess C. Ah Sir---

P. C. Behold, you're dash'd with the remembrance ;

Why when my Hopes were fierce, and Joys grew strong,

Why were you carri'd like a Coarse along ?

When like a Victim by my side you lay,

Why did you Gasps, why did you Swoon away ?

O speak---

You have a Soul so open and so clear,

That if there be a Fault it must appear.

Princess C. Alas you are not skill'd in Beauties cares,

For Oh! when once the god his Wrath declares ;

And

And Stygian Oaths have wing'd the bloody Dart,
To make its passage thro the Virgins Heart:
She hides her Wound, and hasting to the Grove,
Scarce whisp'ring to the Winds her conscious Love.
The touch of him she loves she'll not endure,
But Weeps and Bleeds, and strives against the Cure:
So judge of me when any Grief appears,
Believe my Sighs are kind, and trust my Tears.

P. C. Vanish my Doubts, and Jealousies be gon---
On thy lov'd Bosom let me break my Joy,
O only Sweets that Fill, but never Cloy:
And was it, was it only Virgins fear?
But speak for ever and I'll ever hear.

Repeat, and let the Ecchoes deal it round,
While list'ning Angels bend to catch the Sound;
Nay, Sigh and Weep, drain all thy precious Store,
Be kind, as now, and I'll complain no more.

[Exit.

Princess C. Was ever Man so worthy to be lov'd,
So good, so gentle, soft a Disposition,
As if no Gaul had mixt with his Creation:
So tender and so fearful to displease,
No barbarous Heart but thine wou'd stop his entrance;
But thou Inhumane banisht him from his own.
And while the Lordly Master lyes without,
Thou Trait'ress, Rioteests with a Thief within.

[Enter Iren.

Iren. Ah Madam, what new Grief!

Princess C. Alas Iren,
Thou Treasurer of my thoughts---
What shall I do? how shall I chase *Nemours*,
That Robber, Ravisher of my Repose?

Iren. For the great care you wish, may I enquire
Whether you think the Duke insensible,
Indifferent to the rest of Woman-kind?

Princess C. I must confess I did not think him so
Tho now I do--- But wou'd give half my Blood
To think him otherwise---

Iren. Without the Expense,
There take your wish,---a Letter which he dropt

In

In the Tennis-court, given the Queen Dauphin
By her Page, and sent to you to read for your Diversion.

Princess C. Alas! *Iren*---

Why trembles thus my Hand, why beats my Heart?

But let us Read---

Reads---

Your affection has been divided betwixt me and another, you
are False—a Traytor to the truest Love—never see me more---

Princess C. Ah 'tis too plain, I thought as much before; but Oh!
we are too apt to excuse the faults of those we love, and fond of
our own undoing.

Support me Oh to bear this dreadful pang,

This stab to all my gather'd Resolution.

Iren. Read it agen, and call Revenge to aid you.

Princess C. Perhaps he makes his boast too of the Conquest,
For Oh! my Heart he knows too well, my Passion---

But as thou hast inspir'd me, I'll revenge

The Affront, and cast him from my Poyson'd Breast,

To make him room that merits all my thoughts.

Enter the Prince of Cleve with Nemours.

P. C. Madam there is a Letter fall'n by accident into your
hands—my Friend comes in behalf of the *Vidam* of *Chartres* to
retrieve it, when I am dismiss'd from the King my Lord, I'll wait
you here again.

Nem. My Lord---

P. C. Not a step further.

[*Exit P. C.*

Nem. Madam, I come most humbly to enquire, whether the
Dauphin Queen sent you a Letter which the *Vidam* lost?

Princess C. Sir, you had better

Find the Queen Dauphin out, tell her the truth,

For she's inform'd the Letter is your own.

Nem. Ah Madam! I have nothing to confess

In this Affair—or if I had, believe me,

Believe these Sighs that will not be kept in,

I shou'd not tell it to the Dauphin Queen.

But to the purpose; Know my Lord of *Chartres*

Receiv'd the Note you saw, from Madam *Tournon*,

A former Mistress—But the Secret's this—

The

The Sister of our *Henry* long has lov'd him.

Princess C. I thought the King intended her for *Savoy*.

Nem. True Madam, but the *Vidam* is below'd ;
In short, he dropt the Letter, and desir'd,
For fear of her he loves, that I wou'd own it ;
I promis'd too to trace the Business for him,
And if 'twere possible, regain the Letter.

Princess C. The *Vidam* then has shewn but small Discretion,
Being engag'd so high—

Why did he not burn the Letter ?

Nem. But Madam, shall I dare presume to say,
'Tis hard to be in Love and to be wise ?
Oh did you know like him—like him! Like me,
What 'tis to languish in those restless Fires.

Princess C. *Iren, Iren*, restore the Duke his Letter. [*Enter Iren.*

Nem. Madam, You've bound me ever to your Service,
But I'll retire and study to repay,
If ought but death can quit the Obligation.

[*Exit.*

Princess C. O 'tis too much, I'm lost, I'm lost agen—
The Duke has clear'd himself, to the confusion
Of all my settl'd Rage, and vow'd Revenge ;
And now he shews more lovely than before :
He comes agen to wake my sleeping Passion,
To rouse me into Torture ; O the Racks
Of hopeless Love ! it shoots, it glows, it burns,
And thou alas ! shalt shortly close my Eyes.

Iren. Alas ! you're pale already.

Princess C. Oh *Iren*—

Methinks I see Fate set two Bowls before me,
Poyson and Health, a Husband and *Nemours* ;
But see with what a whirl my Passions move,
I loath the Cordial of my Husband's Love ;
But when *Nemours* my Fancy does recal,
The Bane's so sweet that I cou'd drink it all.

Finis Actus Primi.

A C T

A C T II. S C E N E I

Tournon, La March.

Tour. **I**T works, my Dear, it works beyond belief,
 The Letter which he lost has sprung a Mine
 That shatters all the Court, each Jealous Dutcheſs
 Concludes her Man concern'd, and ſtrait employs
 A Confident to find the Myſtery out.
 But that which takes the Queen, and makes me dye
 With Pleaſure, is, that *Marguerite* thinks
 Spite of the Imprecations of *Nemours*,
 The Letter ſent to him—

La M. I ſee 'em move this way.

Tour. Haſt to *St. Andre's* Palace, watch their Wives, till I appear—
 I have promis'd *Nemours* an Afternoon Affignation with 'em in
Luxemburg Garden, but I will antedate the buſneſs as he is wait-
 ing, and ſet *Marguerite* upon him juſt as he meets 'em, which will
 heighten the deſign; be gone while I attend the buſneſs here—
 [Exit *La March.*

Enter Marguerite, Nemours.

Marg. Away, you have combin'd to ruine me, [The *Vidam.*
 You have conſpir'd the Death of her you hate;
 But tell me, Oh! confeſs and I'll forgive thee;
 Say it was thine, nay, look not on the *Vidam*,
 There is Diſcourſe in Eyes, Conſent, Denial,
 All underſtood by looks, ſay it was thine,
 Confeſs, and lay this Tempeſt with a word.
 Not yet? why then I'll have it in deſpite
 Of thee and him, I'll ſell my Soul to Hell,
 If Woman can be worth the Devil's purchaſe,
 After ſhe has been blown upon by Man;
 That I may tell thee, as I ſink for ever,
 Thou haſt been False.

Nem. You have heard me more than once
 Affirm, the *Vidam* (if you'll give him leave)
 Will own it to your Face.

Marg.

The Sister of our *Henry* long has lov'd him.

Princess C. I thought the King intended her for *Savoy*.

Nem. True Madam, but the *Vidam* is belov'd ;

In short, he dropt the Letter, and desir'd,
For fear of her he loves, that I wou'd own it ;
I promis'd too to trace the Business for him,
And if 'twere possible, regain the Letter.

Princess C. The *Vidam* then has shewn but small Discretion,
Being engag'd so high—

Why did he not burn the Letter ?

Nem. But Madam, shall I dare presume to say,
'Tis hard to be in Love and to be wise ?

Oh did you know like him—like him! Like me,
What 'tis to languish in those restless Fires.

Princess C. *Iren*, *Iren*, restore the Duke his Letter. [Enter *Iren*.

Nem. Madam, You've bound me ever to your Service,
But I'll retire and study to repay,
If ought but death can quit the Obligation.

[Exit.

Princess C. O 'tis too much, I'm lost, I'm lost agen—
The Duke has clear'd himself, to the confusion
Of all my settl'd Rage, and vow'd Revenge ;
And now he shews more lovely than before :
He comes agen to wake my sleeping Passion,
To rouse me into Torture ; O the Racks
Of hopeless Love ! it shoots, it glows, it burns,
And thou alas ! shalt shortly close my Eyes.

Iren. Alas ! you're pale already.

Princess C. Oh *Iren*—

Methinks I see Fate set two Bowls before me,
Poyson and Health, a Husband and *Nemours* ;
But see with what a whirl my Passions move,
I loath the Cordial of my Husband's Love ;
But when *Nemours* my Fancy does recal,
The Bane's so sweet that I cou'd drink it all.

Finis Actus Primi.

D

ACT

ACT II SCENE I

Tournon, La March.

Tour. **I**T works, my Dear, it works beyond belief,
 The Letter which he lost has sprung a Mine
 That shatters all the Court, each Jealous Dutchess
 Concludes her Man concern'd, and strait employs
 A Confident to find the Mystry out.
 But that which takes the Queen, and makes me dye
 With Pleasure, is, that *Marguerite* thinks
 Spite of the Imprecations of *Nemours*,
 The Letter sent to him—

La M. I see 'em move this way.

Tour. Hast to *St. Andre's* Palace, watch their Wives, till I appear—
 I have promis'd *Nemours* an Afternoon Affignation with 'em in
Luxemburg Garden, but I will antedate the bus'ness as he is wait-
 ing, and let *Marguerite* upon him just as he meets 'em, which will
 heighten the design; be gone while I attend the bus'ness here—
 [*Exit La March.*]

Enter Nemours, Marguerite.

Nem. You have heard me more than once
 Affirm, the *Vidam* (if you'll give him leave)
 Will own it to your Face.

Marg. Hear, hear him Heav'n;
 By all Extreame thou art False, therefore be gone,
 For if I look upon thee in this Rage,
 I shall do mischief; speak not, but away—

[*Nemours beckens the Vidam, they steal off.*]

Enter Tournon.

Tour. Madam, the Duke has taken you at your word, and is gone
 with the *Vidam*; I made bold to over-hear part of your Discourse, be-
 cause I have more of his Infidelity to tell you—Betwixt one and two
 in *Luxemburg* Garden he has appointed some Ladies—

Marg.

Marg. Furies and Hell!—

Tour. Have Patience for an hour, I'll bring you to the place, where, if you please, you may flesh your Fingers in the Blood of those young Women, whom he meets to enjoy.

Marg. No, no, I have a better Cast, if I can conquer this rising Spleen—How long will it be e'er your call me?

Tour. An hour or thereabouts—

Marg. And by that time I'll put on a Disguise; fail not—

Tour. But what do you intend?

Marg. I know not yet my self; Revenge—

Tour. You had a Lover once, *Francis* the Dauphin—

Marg. Be that then the last Card—I know not what, The Dauphin shall—I'll do't, and openly affront him—

And as the little Worshipers adore me,

Spy the Duke out, and leaning on the Prince,

Enquire who's that: It shall be so, I will—

Revenge, Revenge, and shew thy self true Woman.

Down then, proud Heart, down Woman, down, I'll try,

I'll do't, I've sworn, to curb my Will or dye. [Exit.

SCENE II.

St. Andre, Poltrot, Bellamore.

Bell. WELL, Gentlemen, good Morrow, and remember my Counsel.

Pol. What, to bear our selves like Men of Wit and Sense, Snub our Wives, Rally 'em, and be as Witty as the Devil?

St. A. With all my heart, 'tis not my time of Assignment yet with my Dutcheffes, and this is very Fashionable.

Bell. I've put you in the way—And so good Morrow. [Exit.

Pol. They come, they come, [Enter *Elianor* and *Celia*.

Walk by 'em, take no notice, and Repeat Verses.

Phyllis did in so strange a Posture lye

Panting and Breathless, languishing her Eye,

She seem'd to live, and yet she seem'd to Dye. }

St. A. I grow sick of the Wife—Prithe *Poltrot* let's go.

Pol. Whither thou wilt, so we get rid of 'em—Z'life I am as weary of mine, as a Modish Lady of her old Cloaths—

Gel. What does the Maggot bite, you must be jogging from this place of little Ease? yet I am resolv'd to know some reason, why a Wife may not be as good Company as a Wench.

Pol. Prithe Spouse—do not provoke me, for I'm in the Witty Vein, and shall Repartee thee to the Devil.

D 2

El. Pray,

El. Pray, *St. Andre*, leave trifling your Curls, your affected Nods, Grimaces, taking of Snuff, and answer me—Why are we not as pleasing as formerly?

St. A. Why, *Nell*—Gad 'tis special—This *Amarum* is very purgent—Why, *Nell*, I can give no more reason for my change of humour, than for the turning of a Weather-cock; only this, I love Whoring, because I love Whoring.

Pol. Nay, since you provoke us, know I can give a reason; we run after Whores, because you bar us from 'em—As some take pleasure to go a Deer-steeling that have fine Parks of their own—Gad, and there I was with her—This itch of the Blood, Spouse, is nothing but a Spice of the first great Jilt your Grand-mother *Erre*; we long for the Fruit, because it is forbidden.

St. A. Nay, that's not all, for Misses are really more pleasant than a Wife can be, *Probatum est*. A Wife dares not assume the Liberty of pleasing like a Miss, for fear of being thought one. A Wife may pretend to dutiful affection, and bustle below, but must be still at night. 'Tis Miss alone may be allow'd Flame and Rapture, and all that—

Gel. Yet how do you know, but a Wife may have Flame and Rapture, and all that—

Pol. 'Tis impossible, 'tis the Nature of a Wife to be as cold as a Stone—There's Slap Dash for you—

Gel. Yet out of a Stone a Man of Sense wou'd strike Fire: There's Slap Dash for you—

El. Will you be Constant to us, if we make it appear by your own Confession, that we can please as well as the subtil'st She that ever charm'd you?

St. A. Till which Miracle come to pass, since 'twas your own Proposition, I *St. Andre* and thou *Elleanor* come not between a pair of Sheets—

El. How shou'd they know then?

Pol. Nor I *Antony* with thee *Celia*.

El. But we hope you are not in earnest, you cannot be so Inhumane.

Gel. 'Tis a Curse beyond all Curses, to have a Man that can and will not; 'tis worse than teaching a Fool, or leading the Blind.

El. To Marry and live thus, is to be like Fish in Frosty Weather, have Water, but pine for want of Air.

Gel. Yet, who knows but Heav'n may send some Kind Good Man, that in meer pity may break the Ice, and give us a Breathing?

El. Can you be so hard-hearted?

Pol. Come Bully, let's away, for fear we shou'd melt; look ye Spouses of ours, if our Wenches prove ill-humour'd, we'll come back to you.

St. A. Agreed, rather than grow Rusty let our Wives File us—
But I thank Heav'n 'tis not come to that yet—There's no such want,

I'll have you to know *Nell*, there's no Woman can resist me if she wou'd, no Dutcheſs ſcapes me, if I make it my buſineſs to compaſs her.

Pol. Any Man of Wit and Senſe like us, Charms all Women, as one Key unlocks all Doors at Court—Nay, I'll ſay a bold word for my ſelf, Turn me to the ſharpeſt Shrow that ever Bit or Scratch'd, if I do not make her feed out of my hand like a tame Pidgeon, may I be condemn'd to lye with my Wife.

Eli. Fleſh and Blood can endure no longer, you are the vaineſt lying Fellows that ever liv'd, you compaſs a Dutcheſs—There's not a Foot-man but wou'd ſhame you.

St. A. Z'Death and Fury, if they ſhou'd try——

Cel. You pitiful, ſneaking, rascally Cuckold, countenanc'd Scoundrels, that dare Beſpatter Ladies of Honour thus——For Heaven ſake what are you, how do you live, and where do you ſpend your time? in Tennis-Courts, Taverns, Eating-houſes, Bawdy-houſes, where you quarrel in Drink for your Trulls, who while you Manfully Fight their Cauſe, they run away with your Hats and Belts——

Eli. Then you come home, and ſwear you'll be reveng'd on this Lord, or that Duke, that assaulted you ſingle, with all his Foot men.

Cel. And, ſays my Gentleman, if I had not been the moſt Skillful Perſon alive, my Body had been by this time like an Old-faſhion'd Suit, Pink'd all over, and full of Holes.

Eli. But did he not diſarm my Lord at laſt?

Cel. By all means, and made him beg his Life.

Eli. When indeed he compounded with the Conſtable for his own Liberty.

Cel. You Perſons of Quality——What Perſon of Honour wou'd keep company with ſuch Debauches? Z'life Madam, an Orange-wench is above their Ambition.

Eli. An Orange-wench! If they can but run in her debt, and the poor Creature come dunning 'em to their Lodgings, they'll Swear they lay with her, when they dare not be known that they are within.

Cel. Sometimes lye Lolling upon a long Scarf in the Play-houſe, talking loud and affectedly, and Swear at night they had the prettieſt thing juſt come out of the Country.

Eli. And with themſelves Damn'd if ſhe did not ſmell of the Graſs.

Cel. When in truth 'twas ſome diſguiſ'd Bawd, that met 'em there according to Aſſignation.

Pol. Hark you *Potiſhar's* Wife of mine, by *Pharaoh's* lean Kine thou ſhalt ſtarve for this.

St. A. And for thee *Nell*——Mark me, thou ſhalt Dream and be tormented with Imagination, like one that having drunk hard is thirſty in the Night, dreams of Veſſels brim-full, and drinks and drinks, yet never is ſatiſfied.

Pol.

Pol. For my part, I'll serve my Damn'd Wife as *Tantalus* was punish'd the Fruit shall bob at her Lips, which she shall never enjoy.

[*Exeunt* St. A. Pol.]

Eli. Very well, the World's come to a fine pass; if this be Marrying, wou'd I were a Maid agen. Men take Wives now as they snatch up a Gazette, look it over and then sling it by.

Gel. They forget us in a day or two, or if they read us over agen, 'tis only to rub up Remembrance, and commonly they fall asleep so.

Eli. What's to be done Child? for rather than live thus——

Gel. Rather than live thus let's do any thing.

Eli. Any thing Rogue, why Cuckolds are things.

Gel. Perhaps they think we have no such thing as Flesh and Blood about us, but we'll make 'em know, a young Woman in the flour of her Age, is not like painted Fruit in a Glas, only to be look'd on—— Perhaps you are a more Contemplative Person, and will go farther about.

Eli. What, Dear Rogue, dost think I will leave thee? by this Kiss not I.

Gel. Thus then we'll slip on long Scarfs, and black Gowns, put on Masks, and ramble about.

Eli. Rare Rogue, let me Kiss thee agen——Certainly Intriguing is the pleasantest part of Life; to meet a Gallant abroad in a Summers Evening, and Laugh away an hour or two in a Garden Bower, where no body sees nor no body knows, methinks 'tis so pretty and harmless, Lord, how it works in my Fancy——

Gel. We must tell Madam *Tourneon* by all means——

Eli. I believe her Secrer, and know her very good Natur'd; but for all that, methinks she has the Cant of a refin'd *Florence Bawd*——

Enter Tourneon.

Gel. The better for our purpose, she comes as wish'd.

Tour. Dear Precious Rosebuds your Servant, now for all the World you look as you were New-blown; and how do ye my pretty Primroses? 'tis a whole day since I saw ye.

Gel. Oh Madam! we have a Suit to your Ladi^{ship}.

Tour. I grant it whate'er it be; speak my Hyacinth.

Eli. Our Husbands are worse than ever.

Gel. They use us as if we had neither Beauty nor Portion.

Tour. What's this I hear? O Ingrate and Ignoble! Revenge your selves Sweetings——'Tis time to pule and put Finger in Eye, when you are past Propagation. But my Lady-birds you are in your Prime, let me touch your delicate Hands——Well, and do not these humid Palms claim a Man——Nay, and your Breasts, Lord! Lord! how swell'n and hard they are, how they heave and pant now, by *Cynthia*, as if they were

were ready to burst? look to't, have a care of a Cancer, draw 'em down, draw 'em down, for let me tell you Jewels, it may be dangerous for you to go thus long without Cultivation——

Eli. What would you have us do Madam?

Tour. Do Violent? why do as all the World does beside, lose no Time, catch him by the Forelock, get a Man to your mind——I'll acquaint you with one that's as true as the day, that will Fight like a Lion, and Love like a Sparrow——He has Eyes as black as Slows, you can hardly look on 'em, and a Skin so white—and soft as Sattin with the Grain: And for thee Tulip——

Cel. For me Madam!

Tour. For thee Hony-Suckle, such a Man, well, I shall never forget him, such a strait bole of a Body, such a Trunk, such a shape, such a quick strength, he will over any thing he can lay his hand on, and Vaults to Admiration.

Eli. But Madam, will you provide us Lodgings on occasion——

Tour. The Richest in the Town, the costliest Hangings, great Glasses, China Dishes, Silver Tables, Silver Stands, and Silver Urinals—And then these Gallants are the closest Lovers, so good at keeping a Secret—Well, give me your Man that says nothing, but minds the business in hand—For a Secret Lover's like a Gun charg'd with White Powder, does Execution but makes no noise.

Cel. Well, and let me tell you that's the Point, Madam——

Tour. Ay, and 'tis a Precious Point, a Feeling Point, and a Pleasing Point; you shall know him, you must know him, I shall dye if you don't know him——He has the sting of a Gentleman.

Eli. Pray Madam, how's that?

Tour. Why thus Apricock——Into your Arms, then stops your Mouth with a double-tongu'd English Kiss, that you can't be angry with him for your Blood.

Cel. I know 'tis my filthy Country way——But I'll assure you if he should serve me so, my Blood would rise at him.

Tour. But then you'd repent and fall before him, for he has the most particular obliging way, and the whom he particularly loves, is so oblig'd with his Particular——Well, for my part, my Twins of Beauty, I set an infinite Value on their Chareffes, Distresses and Addresses; nay, I cou'd refuse a Quilt Imperial, to be oblig'd by them, tho' on the bare Boards, or the cold Stones.

Eli. But, Madam, are they in being——

Tour. They are my Blossoms——Then they Kiss beyond Imagination, just for all the World as when you cut a pure Juicy China Orange, the Goodness runs over——Lord! now it comes in my Cogitation, I'm just now going to take a View of 'em in Luxemburg Garden, where, if you please

please to walk, they shall Sun themselves in your Smiles—Come my Carnations, nay, I protest I will not go before ye.

Cel. But, Madam, we're at home.

Tour. O Lord, Beauties! I know not the way.

Eli. Indeed Madam you must—or we shall use Violence—

Tour. Well Ladies, since 'tis your command, I dare not but obey.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Nemours, Bellamore.

Nem. THOU Dear Soft Rogue, my Spouse, my *Hephestion*, my *Ganymed*, nay, if I dye to night my Dukedom's thine—But are thou sure the Princess of *Cleve* withdraws here after Dinner—

Bell. One of her Women whom I have Debauch'd, tells me 'tis her Custom; you may slip into the Closet and over-hear all, and yet me-thinks 'tis hard, because the Prince of *Cleve* loves you as his Life.

Nem. I sav'd his Life, Sweet-heart, when he was assaulted by a mistake in the dark, and shall he grudge me a little Fooling with his Wife, for so serious an Obligation?

Enter the Vidam.

A Pox upon him, here comes the *Vidam* with his sovre Morals—

Vid. 'Tis certain I like her—She's very pretty, and *Tourneon* shall help me to her—

Nem. In Love, by my Lechery—Ay, and she shall help thee to her—But who, but who is't my Man of Principles—

Vid. To tell your Grace, I am sure were to be a Man of none for my self—You that are the Whores Ingrosser—Let me see—There's *Tourneon* your Ubiquitary Whore, your Bawd, your Bawd Barber or Bawd Surgeon, for you're ever under her hands, and she Plaisters you every day with new Wenches—Then there's your Domestick Termagant—*Elienor* and *Gelia*, with something new in Chase—Why you outdo *Cesar* himself in your way, and dictate to more Whores at once than he did to Knaves—Believe me Sir, in a little time you'll be nick'd the Town-Bull.

Nem. Why there's the difference betwixt my Sense and yours; wou'd I were, and your Darklin Mistress the first shou'd come in my way, *Jove* and *Europa*, I'd leap her in thy Face—Why, how now *Vidam*, what Devil has turn'd thee Grave, the Devil of Love, or the Devil of Envy?

Vid. Friendship, mere Friendship and care of your Soul; I thought it but just, to tell you the whole Town takes notice of your way.

Nem.

Nem. Why then the whole Town does me wrong, because I take no notice of theirs; thus t'other night I was in company with two or three well-bred Fops, that found fault with my Obscenity, and protested 'twas such a way——Why 'tis the way of ye all, only you sneak with it under your Cloaks like Taylors and Barbers; and I, as a Gentleman shou'd do, walk with it in my hand. For prithee observe, does not your Priest the same thing? did not I see Father *Patrick* declaiming against Flesh in *Lent*, strip up to the Elbow; and telling the Congregation he had eat nothing but Fish these twenty years, yet protest to the Ladies, that Fat Arm of his, which was a chopping one, was the least Member about him?

Bell. Faith, and it may be so too.

Nem. Does not your Politician, your little great Man of bus'ness, that sets the World together by the Ears, after all his Plotting, Drudging and Sweating at Lying, retire to some little Punk and untap at Night?

Vid. I submit to the weight of your Reasons, and confess the whole World does you Injustice, wherefore I judge it fit that they bring your Grace their Wives and Daughters to make you amends.

Nem. Why now thou talk'st like an honest Fellow, for never let bus'ness Flatter thee *Frank* into Nonsense: Women are the sole Pleasure of the World; nay, I had rather part with my whole Estate, Health and Sense, than lose an Inch of my Love——I was t'other day at a pretty Entertainment, where two or three Grave Politick Rogues were wondering, why Women shou'd be brought into Plays; I as gravely reply'd, the World was not made without 'em; he full Pop upon me——But Sir, it had been better if it had——

Vid. And then no doubt a gloomy Smile arose——

Nem. These are your Rogues, *Frank*, that wou'd be thought Criticks, that are never pleas'd but with something new, as they call it, just, proper, and never as men speak; you're out of the way, men that hate us Rogues with a way——

Bell. But after all this they'll run you down, and say your Grace is no Scholar——

Nem. Why, Faith, nor wou'd be, if Learning must wrench a Man's Head quite round; I understand my Mother-tongue well enough, and some others just as I do Women, not to be married to 'em, but to serve my turn; what's good in 'em never escapes me, but as for Points and Tags, for which those solemn Fops are to be valued, I slight 'em, nor wou'd remember 'em if I cou'd, for he that once listens to jingling, ten to one if ever he gets it out of his head while he lives——But prithee be gone, and leave me to my Musing; find *Tourneron* out, my *Vidam*, and bid her remember the Handkercher——Away, thou art concern'd in the bus'ness, therefore away.

[*Exeunt* *Vid.* *Bell.*]

Enter the Princess of Cleve, Irene.

Nem. She comes, ye Gods, with what a pompous State;
The Stars and all Heav'n's Glories on her wair.

That's out of the way too——But now for my Closet.

[*Exit.*]

Princess C. No, no, I charge thee pity me no longer,
But on the Earth let us consult our Woes:

For Earth I shall be shortly; sit and hear me,

While on thy Faithful Bosom thus I lean

My aking Head, and breath my cruel Sorrows.

Iren. Speak Madam, speak, they'll strangle if contain'd——

Princess C. As late I lay upon a flow'ry Bank,

My Head a little heav'd beyond the Verge,

To look my Troubles in the Rockless Stream,

I slept, and dreamt I saw

The bosom of the Flood unfold;

I saw the Naked Nymphs ten Fathom down,

With all the Crystal Thrones in their Green Courts below,

Where in their busie Arms *Nemours* appear'd:

His Head reclin'd, and swoll'n as he were drown'd,

While each kind Goddess dew'd his Senseless Face

With Nectars drops to bring back Life in vain:

When on a sudden the whole Synod rose

And laid him to my Lips——Oh my *Irene*!

Forgive me Honour, Duty——Love forgive me,

I found a Pleasure I ne'er felt before,

Dissolving Pains, and Swimming shuddering Joys,

To which my Bridal Night with *Cleve* was dull——

Enter the Prince of Cleve.

Iren. Behold him, Madam.

P. C. Ha! my *Chartres*——How——

Why on the Earth?

Princess C. Because, my Lord, it suits

The humble posture of my sad Condition.

P. C. These Starts again, but why thy sad Condition?

O rise and tell me why this Melancholy!

Why fall those Tears? Why heaves this Bosom thus?

Nay, I must then constrain thee with my Arms.

[*Rise.*]

Is't possible? does then thy load of Grief

Oppress thee so, thou canst not speak for Sighing——

Ah *Chartres*, *Chartres*! then thou didst but sooth me,

There

There is some cause, too frightful to be told,
And thou hast learnt the art too to dissemble.

Princess C. O Heavens! dissemble when I strip my Soul,
Shew it all bear, and trembling to your view;
Can you suspect me Sir, for a Dissembler?

P. C. By all my Hopes, Doubts, Jealousies and Fears,
I know not what to think, I think thou shov'st
Thy inmost thought, and now I think thou dost not.
I think there is a Bosom secret still,
And have a dawn of it through all thy Folds
That hide it from my view: O trust me *Cleve*!
Trust me whate'er it be; I love thee more
Than thou lov'st help for that which thus intravels thee.
Trust thy Dear Husband, O let loose the pain
That makes thee droop, though it shou'd be my death!
By thy dear self I'll welcome it to ease thee.

Princess C. Thou best of all thy Kind, why shou'd you rack me,
Who dare not, cannot speak—No more but this,
Take me from *Paris* from the Court.

P. C. Ha, *Chartres*, how!
What from the Court of *Paris*, why?

Princess C. Because—my Mothers Death-bed Counsel so advised me,
Because the Court has Charms, because I love
A Grotto best, because 'tis best for you
And me, and all the World.

P. C. Because, O Heaven!
Because there is some cursed Charm at Court,
Which you love better than me and all the World.
The Reason's plain, for which you wou'd remove,
To lose the Mem'ry of some lawless Love.

Princess C. Why then am I detain'd, if that's your fear?

P. C. It is, it ought, and shall, and Oh! you must
Confess this horrid Falshood to my Face.

Princess C. Never, my Lord, never confess a Lye,
By Heav'ns I love your Life above my own.

P. C. Not that, not that, speak home and fly not wide,
Swear by thy self, thou dearly purchas'd Pleasure,
Swear by those Chaster Sweets thy Mother left thee;
Swear that thy Soul, which cannot hide a Treason,
Prefers me ev'n to all the World; Hold Precious,
Swear that thou lov'st him more—And only lov'st him,
And in such Sense as not to love another.

Princess C. Ah, Sir! why will you sink me to your Feet,
Where I must lye and groan my Life away?

P. C. Speak *Chartres*, Speak, nor let the name of Husband
Sound Terror to thy Soul; for by my hopes
Of Paradise, how'er thou usest me,
I am thy Creature, still to make and mould me
Thy cringing crawling Slave, and will adore
The hand that kills me——

Princess C. O you are too good!
And I must never hope for Pardon——Yet
I cou'd excuse it; but my Lord I will not.
Know then——I cannot speak.

P. C. Nor I by Heav'n.

Princess C. I Love.

P. C. Go on.

Princess C. I love you as my Soul.

P. C. Ha——But the rest.

Princess C. Alas, alas, I dare not——

P. C. Why then farewell for ever——

Princess C. Stay and take it——

Take the extreamest Pang of tortur'd Vertue,
Take all, I love, I love thee *Cleve* as Life;
But Oh! I love, I love another more——

P. C. Oh *Chartres*! Oh——

Princess C. Why did you rack me then?
You were resolv'd, and now you have it all.

P. C. All *Chartres*! All! Why, can there then be more?
But rise, and know I by this Kiss forgive thee.
Thou hast made me wretched by the clearest proof
Of perfect Honour that e'er flow'd from Woman.
But crown the misery which you have begun,
And let me know who 'tis you wou'd avoid,
Who is the happy man that had the power
To burn that Heart which I cou'd never warm.

Princess C. Forgive me Sir, in this Prudence commands
Eternal silence——

P. C. Ha! if silent now,
Why didst thou speak at all? If here thou stop'st
I shall conclude that which I thought thy vertue,
A start of passion which thou cou'dst not hide,
And now Vexation gnaws thy guilty Soul
With a too late Repentance for confessing
His name——

Princess C. You shall not know it——Yes my Lord,
Now a too late Repentance tears my Soul,
And tells me I have done amiss to trust you;

Yet by my hopes of ease at last by Death,
I swear my Love has never yet appear'd
To any Man but you—

P. C. Weep not my *Chartres*, for howe'er my Tongue
Upbraid thy Fame, my Heart still worships thee,
And by the Blood that chills me round—I swear
From this sad Moment, I'll ne'er urge thee more;
All that I beg of thee, is not to hate me.

Princess C. The study of my Life shall be to love you.

P. C. Never, Oh never! I were mad to hope it,
Yet thou shalt give me leave to fold thy hand,
To press it with my Lips, to sigh upon it,
And wash it with my Tears—

Princess C. I cannot bear this kindness without dying.

P. C. Nay, we will walk and talk sometimes together,
Like Age we'll call to mind the Pleasures past;
Pleasures like theirs, which never shall return,
For Oh! my *Chartres*, since thy Heart's estrang'd,
The pleasure of thy Beauty is no more,
Yet I each night will see thee softly laid,
Kneel by thy side; and when thy Vows are paid,
Take one last kiss, e'er I to Death retire,
Wish that the Heav'ns had giv'n us equal fire;
Then sigh, it cannot be, and so expire.

Exeunt.

Enter Nemours.

She Loves, she Loves, and I'm the happy Man,
She has avow'd it, past all president,
Before her Husbands Face—
Ha! but from Love like hers such daring virtue,
That like a bleeding Quarry lately chas'd,
Plunges among the Waves, or turns at Bay,
What is there to expect—But— let it come
The worst can happ'n, yet 'tis glorious still.
To bring to such Extreame so chaste a mind,
And charm to love the wisest of her Kind.

Enter Vidam.

Ah *Vidam*! I cou'd tell thee such a Story of such a Friend of mine,
the oddest, prettiest, out of the way of bus'ness, but thou art so slippant
there's no trusting thee.

Vid. Tournon says the Flag's held out—

Nem.

Nem. *Tournon* be Damn'd—Know then, but be secret, there is a Friend of mine belov'd—But by a Soul so Vertuous,

Vid. That was too much—

Nem. That quite from the method of all Womankind, she told it to her Husband.

Vid. That's strange indeed: And how did her Husband like it?

Nem. Why, after a tedious passionate Discourse, approved her carriage, and swore he lov'd her more than ever; so they cry'd and kiss'd, and went away most lovingly together.

Vid. Why then she Cuckolds him to rights, nor can he take the Law of her; and I'll be judge by any Bawd in Christendom—And so my Lord farewell, I have business of my own, and *Tournon* waits you—

Nem. But heark you, *Frank*, I have occasion for you, and must press thee, I hope, to no unwellcome Office—only a Second—

Vid. With all my heart, my Lord, the time and place.

Nem. Just now in *Luxemburg* Garden, betwixt one and two, a Challenge from a couple, the smartest, briskest, prettiest Tilting Ladies—

Vid. Your Servant Sir, and as you thrive, let me hear from your Grace, and so Fate speed your Plow. [Exit.]

Enter Tournon with Marguerite.

Nem. And so Fate speed your Plow, and you go to that, and I shall tell you Sir, 'twas not handiome done, to leave me thus to the Mercy of two unreasonable Women at once.

Tour. You have him now in view, and so I leave you. [Exit. Tour.]

Marg. Stand Sir.

Nem. To a Lady, while I have breath.

Marg. Wou'd you not fall to a Lady too, if she shou'd ask the Favour?

Nem. Ay, Gad, any pretty Woman may bring me upon my Knees at her pleasure.

Marg. O Devil—

Nem. Prithce my dear soft warm Rogue, let thee and I be kind—

Marg. And Kiss, you were going to say.

Nem. Z'Life, how pat she hits me, why thou and I were made for one another—Let's try how our Lips fit.

Marg. Is that your fitting?

Nem. Fore Heaven she's wond'rous quick; Nay, my Dear, and you go to that, I can fit you every way—

Marg. You are a notorious talker.

Nem. And a better doer; prithce try.

Marg. As if that were to do now.

Nem. Nay then I'm sure of thee, for never was a Woman mine once, but was mine always.

Marg.

Marg. Know then you are a heavy sluggish Fellow; but I see there is no more Faith in Man than Woman, Cork and Feathers.

Nem. Make a Shittlecock that's Woman, let me, if you please, be Battledoor, and by Gad for a day and a night I'll keep up with any Fellow in Christendom.

Marg. Come away then and I'll keep count I warrant you—Monster—Villain—

Nem. Now is the Devil and I as great as ever—I come my Dear—But then what becomes of my other Dears—For whom I was Prim'd and Charg'd—

Marg. Why dont you come my Dear?

Nem. There with that sweet word she cock'd me—

Marg. Lord! how you tremble—

Nem. There the Pan flash'd—

Marg. I'll set my Teeth in you.

Nem. Now I go off—O Man! O Woman! O Flesh! O Devil!

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Vidam, Tournon.

Tour. **A** Woman in Love with another, and confels it to her Husband—What wou'd I give to know her—Without all question *Nemours* is the Person belov'd.

Vid. That's plain by his eagerness in the Discovery, he forc'd me to hear him whether I wou'd or no; yet what I so admire in his Temper, is, that for all the former Heat, I no sooner mention'd you, but he flew from it, and run upon another Scent, as if the first had never been.

Tour. Where did you find him?

Vid. At the Princess of Cleve's, and my Heart tells me that's the Lady that acquainted her Husband how she was determin'd to make him a Cuckold—If he pleas'd to give his consent—

Tour. My Judgment, which is most Sagacious in these Matters, is most positive in your opinion, for by his whitely cast, the Prince of Cleve must be the Man fork'd in the Book of Fate—

Vid. And yet 'tis odd, that *Nemours* of all Men, shou'd have such luck at this Lottery.

Tour,

Tour. O to choose, my Lord! because she's nice and precise; your demure Ladies that are so Squob in company, are Devils in a corner; they are a sort of melancholy Birds, that ne'er peep abroad by day, but they to whir, to whou it at night; nay, to my particular knowledge, all grave Women love wild Men, and if they can but appear civil at first, they certainly snap 'em; for mark their Language, the Man is a handsome Man, if he had but Grace; the Man has Wit, Parts and excellent Gifts, if he wou'd but make a right use of 'em; why all these If's are but civil Pimps to a most Bawdy conclusion—But see, I descry him with a Mask yonder—

Vid. You'll remember St. *Andre's* Lady for this Discovery.

Tour. If she be not yours to night, never acquaint me with a Mystery agen—

Vid. Not a word to the Duke—My Gravity gets me a hank over him—Therefore if you tell him of any Love Matters of mine, you must never hope for more Secrets—

Tour. Trouble not your head, but away. [Exit. *Vid.* So this gets me a Diamond from the Queen, an Embassadors Merit at least. Confess to her Husband, alas poor Princess—See, they come; but that which startles me, is how a Woman of *Marguerite's* Sex can contain all this while as she seems to do; but perhaps she designs to pump him—Or has some further end, which I must learn.

Enter Nemours and Marguerite.

Marg. But did you never promise thus before?

Nem. Never—But why these Doubts—Thou hast all the Wit in the World—Thou know'st I love thee without Protections, why then this delay?

Marg. I have not convers'd with you an hour, and you are for running over me: No Sir, but if you can have patience till the Ball—Oh I shall burst—

Nem. Patience, I must; but if it were not for the clog of thy Modesty, we might have been in the third Heav'n by this, and have danc'd at the Ball beside—Ha! you faint—Take off your Mask—

Marg. Unhand me, or—But pray, e'er we part, let me ask you a serious question; what if you shou'd have pick'd up a Devil Incarnate?

Nem. Why, by your loving to go in the dark thus, I make me begin to suspect you—But be a Devil and thou wilt, if we must be Damn'd together, who can help it—

Marg. I shall not hold—

Nem. Yet, now I think on't, thou canst be no Devil, thou art so fraid of a Sinner; for you refus'd me just now, when I profer'd to sell my self, and seal the Bargain with the best of my Blood.

Marg.

Marg. But if I shou'd permit you, cou'd you find in your heart to ingender with a damn'd Spirit?

Nem. Yes marry cou'd I, for all you ask the question so seriously: For know, thou bewitching Creature, I have long'd any time this seven years to be the Father of a *Succubus*----

Marg. Fiend, and no Man----

Nem. Besides, Madam, don't you think a feat Devil of yours and my begetting, wou'd be a prettier sight in a House, than a Monkey or a Squirrel? Gad I'd hang Bells about his neck, and make my Valet spruce up his Brush Tail ev'ry Morning as duly as he comb'd my head.

Marg. But is it possible (for I know you have a Mistress, a Convenience as you call her,) that you cou'd leave her for me, who may be Ugly, Diseas'd, or a Devil indeed for ought you know?

Nem. Why, since you tax me with truth, I must answer like a Man of Honour; I cou'd leave her for thee or any else of your Tribe, so they were all like you----

Marg. But in the name of Reason, what is there in us Runners at All, that a Wife, or a Mistress of that nature, may not possess with more advantage?

Nem. Why, the freedom Wit and Roguery, and all sort of acting, as well as Conversation. In a Domestick she, there's no Gaiety, no Chat, no Discourse, but of the Cares of this World and its Inconveniencies; what we do we do, but so dully; by Gad, my Thing ask'd me once, when my Breeches were down, what the Stuff cost a Yard---Ha! what now, upon the Gog agen? nay, then have with you at all Adventures, at least to put you in mind of the Ball--- [Exeunt.]

Enter Tournon.

Tour. Ha! yonder she lost him---see, what can she intend by keeping her self so close---But see *La March* has seiz'd her, and now the Mystery will open of it self.

Re-enter Marguerite with *La March*.

La M. But have you found him false?

Tour. Curses, Damnation,
The Racks of Womens Wits, when her Soul
Is bawk'd of Vengeance, wait on his desires.

La M. Why did you leave him so upon the sudden?

Marg. Because I found my Passion move too strongly,
My foolish Heart wou'd not obey my Will,
I found my Eyes grow full, my Sighs had choak'd me,
And I was dying in his Arms---

F

L M.

La M. But now

You have got Breath, what is your purpose Madam?

New. To meet him as I promis'd, to enjoy him

With the last Pang of a revengeful Pleasure;

And let him know---

Then make him Damn himself with thousand Oaths,

That he'll ne'er see forsak'n *Marguerite* more,

The curst fond, foolish, doting *Marguerite*;

For thus with an extorted Gallantry,

I'll force him to revile me to my face;

Then throw the Mask away, and vent my Rage;

Tell him he is a Fiend, Devil, Devil, Devil,

Or what is worse, a Man---

And leave him to the Horror of his Soul.

[*Exit.*

Tour. I've heard her Rave, and must applaud thy Conduct

To the next task, then when she has satisfied

This odd Figary of Revenge and Pleasure,

Take her in the height of her disdain

And ply her with the Dauphin; then tell *Nemours*

Of her resolve to cast him further off,

Millions to one we carry the design.

But hast and scout, while I attend the Duke,

That harps upon the loss of his new Mistress.

Enter Nemours.

New. Death and the Devil---We went talking along so pleasantly, when of a sudden whisp'ring, she wou'd not fail me at the Ball, she sprung from me at yon dark corner and vanish'd. Well if she be a Devil, Hell by her shou'd be a merry place, or perhaps she has not been there yet, but fell this Morning and took Earth in her way; my Comfort is, I shall make a new discovery if she keeps her word, and she has too much wit to break it before she tries me.

Tour. And where are you to make this new discovery?

New. At the Ball in Masquerade---Thus wou'd I have Time rowl still all in these lovely Extreams, the Corruption of Reason being the Generation of Wit; and the Spirit of Wit lying in the Extravagance of Pleasure: Nay, the two nearest ways to enter the Closet of the Gods, and lye even with the Fates themselves, are Fury and Sleep---Therefore the Fury of Wine and Fury of Women possess me waking and sleeping; let me Dream of nothing but dimpl'd Cheeks, and laughing Lips, and flowing Bowls, *Venus* be my Star, and Whoring my House, and Death I despise thee. Thus sung *Rosidore* in the Uru---But where and when, with my Fops Wives, be quick, thou know'st my appointment with this unknown, and the Minute's precious.

Tour.

Tour. Why, I have contriv'd you the sweetest Wight in the World, if you dare.

New. Dare, and in a Woman's Cause ! why, I have no drop of Blood about me, but must out in their service, and what matter is't which way ?

Tour. Know *Poltrat's* Lady has inform'd me, how *St. Andre* walks in his sleep, and that her Husband last night attempted to Cuckold him, that she watch'd and overheard the whole matter, but *Poltrat* cou'd not find the door before *St. Andre* return'd ; she doubts not but he will try agen to night---Now if you can nick the time when *Poltrat* rises, and steal to her, ten to one but she'll be glad to be reveng'd---

New. Or she wou'd not have told thee the bus'ness---There wants but speaking with her, taking her by the hand, and 'tis a bargain---

Enter Celia, Elianora Mask'd. Poltrat, St. Andre following.

Tour. Step, step aside, they are upon the hunt for you, and their Husbands have 'em in the wind ; stand by a while to observe, and I'll turn you loose upon 'em---

St. A. Ha, *Tournon* ! by my Honour a Prize, let's board 'em.

Pol. Be not too desperate my little Frigate, for I am, that I am, a Furious Man of Honour.

Cel. Now Heav'n defend us, what will you give us a Broad-side ?

El. Lord ! how I dread the Guns of the lower Tire.

St. A. Such notable Marks-men too, we never miss hitting between Wind and Water.

Cel. I'll warrant they carry Chain-shot ; Pray Heav'n they do not split us Sister !

Pol. Yield then, yield quickly, or no Mercy, we have been so shattered'd to day already by two the Pirates, that we are grown desperate.

El. But what alas have we done, that you shou'd turn your Revenge upon us poor harmless Innocents, that never wrong'd you, never saw you before ?

Cel. If you shou'd deal unkindly with us, 'twou'd break our Hearts, for we are the gentlest things.

St. A. And we will use you so gently, so kindly, like little Birds, you shall never repent the loss of your Liberty.

El. I'll warrant Sister they'll put us in a Cage, or tye us by the Legs.

Pol. No, upon the word of a Man of Honour, your Legs shall be at liberty.

Cel. What will you Pinnion our Wings then, and let us hop up and down the House ?

St. A. Not in the House where we live, pretty Soul, for there's two ravenous Sow-Cats will Eat you.

El. Your Wives you mean.

Pol. Something like, two Melancholy things that sit purring in the Chimney-corner, and to exercise their spite, kill Crickets.

Cel. Oh! for God-sake keep us from your Wives.

St. A. I'll warrant thee little *Rosalind*, safe from my jealous *Elizabet*---

Pol. And if any Wife in *Europe* dares but touch a hair of thee, I say not much, but that Wife were better be a Widow.

El. But are your Wives handsome and well qualited? for whatever you say to us, when you have had your will you'll home at night, and for my part I cry All or none.

Pol. And All thou shalt have dear Rogue, never fear my Wife's Beauty or good Nature, they are things to her like Saints and Angels, which she believes never were nor never will be---She's a Basin of Water against Lechery, and looks so sharp whenever I see her, like Vinegar she makes me sweat.

St. A. And mine's so fulsome, that a Goat with the help of Cantharides wou'd not touch her.

Cel. But then for their Qualities---

St. A. Such Scolds, like Thunder they turn all the Drink in the Cellar.

Pol. Such Niggards, they eat Kitchen-stuff and Candles ends---Once indeed raving mad my Wife seem'd Prodigal, for a Rat having eat his way through an old Cheese, she baited a Trap for him with a piece of pareing---But having caught him, by the Lord she eat him up without mercy tail and all.

El. Are they not ev'n with us Sister?

St. A. 'Tis hop'd tho, the Hangman will take 'em off of our hands, for they are shroudly suspected for Witches, mine points her self ev'ry Night, sets a Broom-staff in the Chimny, and op'ns the Window, for what purpose but to fly?

Pol. Gad, and my Wife has Tets in the wrong place, she's warted all over like a pumpl'd Orange.

Cel. Yet sure, Gentlemen, you told these Hags another story once, and made as deep Protestations to them as you do to us?

St. A. Never by this hand, the Salt Souls fell in Lust with us, and haul'd us to Matrimony like Bears to the Stake.

Pol. Where they set a long black thing upon us, that cry'd Have and Hold.

El. Put the question they had been Handsome, brought you great Portions, were Pleasant and Airy and willing to humour you.

Enter Nemours with the Vidam.

Nem. Nay then I can hold no longer: Z'dearth, there's it Madam, Willing! That Willingness spoils all my Dear, my Hony, my Jewel, it Palls the Appetite like Sack at Meals---Give me the smart disdainful she,

she, that like brisk *Champaign* or spiritely *Burgundy*, makes me smack my Lips after she's down, and long for t'other Glass.

St. A. Nay if your Grace come in there's no dallying, I'll make sure of one.

Pol. Nay, and for my part I am resolv'd to secure another, come Madam no striving, for I am like a Lion, when I lay hold, if the Body come not willingly, I pull a whole Limb away----

Nem. Yes Madam, he speaks truth, take it on my word who am a rational Creature, he is a great furious wild Beast.

Cel. Pray Heav'n he be not a horned Beast, is the Monster married?

Vid. Yes Ladies, they are both married.

El. Married! For Heav'n sake, Gentlemen, save us from the Cattle.

Pol. Why, what is the Breeze in your Tails? Z'death Ladies we'll not eat you.

Cel. Say you so? But we'll not trust you, I am sure you both look hungrily.

Vid. It may be their Wives use 'em unkindly.

El. And the poor good-natur'd things take it to heart.

Cel. I swear 'tis pity, they have both promising looks.

Nem. Proceed! sweet Souls, we'll defend you to death, spare 'em not.

El. Or it may be we mistake all this while, and their pitiful looks are caused by loving too much.

Vid. Right Madam, a little too Uxorious; Ha, Ha!

St. A. Now have not I one word to say, but stand to endure all Jerks like a School-boy with my Shirt up.

Pol. I'll have one sling at 'em tho' I dye for 't; why Ladies you'll overshoot your selves at this rate----Must we only be the Butts to bear all your Railery? methinks you might spend one Arrow at random, and rake off that Daw that Chatters so near you---Gad, and I think I paid 'em there----

Cel. Butts and Daw! Let me never Laugh agen, if they be not Witty too---Why, you pleasant Rogues, Z'life I cou'd Kiss 'em if they did not stink of Matrimony.

St. A. Mum, Mum, Mum. Did not I tell you 'twas a madness to speak to 'em?

El. They envy my Friend too here, this pleasant Companion.

Cel. This dear agreeable Person.

Nem. Ay, Damme Madam, the Rogues envy us.

El. What a gentle Aspect?

Cel. How proper and Airy?

El. See, here's Blood in this Face.

Vid. Pure Blood, Madam, at your Service.

Cel. Will you walk dear Sir? give me your hand.

El. And me yours.

Nem.

Nem. Come you dear ravishing Rogues--Your Servant Mr. Butts--

Vid. Gentle Mr. Butts--

El. Adieu Sweet Mr. Butts.

Gel. Witty Mr. Butts, Ha, Ha, Ha! [Exeunt *Nem.* *Vid.* *Cel.* *El.*

St. A. Well, I'll to a Dutcheff.

Pol. Lord! thou art always so high-flown--Hast thou never a cast Countess for me--

St. A. Come along to the Ball and thou shalt see, the Duke of Nemours is the Gallant to night--and Treats at his Palace, because 'tis the King's Birth-day--Let me see, what new Fancy for the Masquerade? Oh! I have it--Because the Town is much taken with Fortune-telling, I'll act the Dumb Man, the Highlander that made such a noise, and thou shalt be my Interpreter--Come along, and as we go I'll instruct thee in the Signs.

Pol. Dear Rogue, let's practise a little before we stir--As what sign for Lechery, because we may Nick our Wives.

St. A. Why thus, that's a glancing squeeze'd Eye--or thus--for a moist Hand, or thus, for a Whore in a corner, or thus for downright Cuckolding.

Pol. Well, I swear this will be rare sport, and so my damn'd Spouse, I am resolv'd to tickle her with a squeeze'd Eye and a moist Hand; and a Whore in a corner till she confess her self guilty of downright Cuckoldom; then in revenge for her last Impudence, Sue for a Divorce: And holding to her Face the flying Label,
Call her in open Court the Whore of Babel.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The Prince and Princess of Cleve.

P. C. **M**Adam, the King commands me to attend His Daughter into Spain, and further adds, Because no Princess Rivals you in Fame, You will oblige the Court in going with me.

Princess G. My Lord, I am prepar'd, and leave the Court With such a Joy as wou'd admit no bounds--

P. C. As wou'd admit no bounds! and why? because It takes you from the Charms which you wou'd shun: This is a Vertue of such height indeed, As none but you can boast nor I deplore. But Madam, Rumor says the King intends To joyn another with me.

Princess G. Who my Lord?

P. C. 'Twas thought at first the Chevalier de Guise,

Princess G.

Princess C. He is your Friend, nor shou'd the King choose Better.

P. C. I say at first 'twas thought the Duke of Guise--
But I was since instructed by the Queen,
That Honour's fixt upon the Duke *Nemours*.

Princess C. *Nemours* my Lord?

P. C. Most certain.

Princess C. For what reason?

P. C. Because I mov'd the Dauphin Queen to gain him.

Princess C. 'Twas rashly done, against your Interest mov'd.

P. C. Perhaps 'tis not too late yet to supplant him.

Princess C. Do't then, be quick, *Nemours* will share your Honours,
Eclipse your Glory--

P. C. Ha--I must confes
The Soldiers love him, and he bears the Palm
Already from the Marshals of the Field.

Princess C. And in the Court he's call'd the Rising Star:

You see each night at every Entertainment
Where he moves, what Troops of Beauties follow;
How the Queens praise him, and all Eyes admire him--

P. C. Ha! *Chartres*--

Princess C. Ah! my Lord--what have I done?

P. C. Nothing, my *Chartres*, but admire *Nemours*!
O Heaven and Earth! and if I had but Patience
To hear you out, how had you lost your self
On that Eternal Object of your Love?

No Madam, no, 'tis false, 'tis no *Nemours*:
'Twas my invention to find out the truth,

Your trouble has convinc'd me 'tis *Nemours*:
Which curst Discovery in another Woman,
I shou'd have made by her too eager Joy.

Why speak you Not? you're shock'd with your own *Vertue*,
The resolution of your Justice aw's you,
Which cannot, dares not give it self the Lye.

Princess C. My Lord, my Love, my Life, Alas my *Clell*!
O pity me! I know not what to answer,
I'm mortally asham'd, I'm on the Rack;
But spare this humble Passion--Take me with you,
Where I may never see a Man again.

P. C. O Rise my *Chartres*! Rise if possible;
I'll force thee to be mine in spite of Fate:
My constant Martyrdom and deathless Kindness,
My more than Mortal Patience in these Sufferings,
Shall poize his noblest Qualities, O Heav'n!
No fear, my *Chartres*, tho these Sorrows fall,

That

That I suspect thy Glory, thou hast strength
To curb this Passion in, that else may end us.
All that I ask thee, is to bend thy Heart.

Princess C. I'll break it.

P. C. Turn it from *Nemours*, *Nemours*!
But Oh! that name presents thy danger greater,
Look to thy Honour then, and look to mine;
I ask it as thy Lover and thy Husband;
I beg it as a Man whose life depends
Upon thy Breath, that offers thee a Heart
All bleeding with the Wounds of Mortal Love,
All hack'd and gall'd, and stab'd and mangled o'er,
And yet a Heart so true, in spite of pain,
As ne'er yet lov'd, nor ever shall again. [Exit P. C.]

Enter Irene.

Iren. Ha! Madam, speak, how is it with your Heart?

Princess C. As with a timorous Slave, condemn'd to Torments,
That still cries out, he cannot, will not bear it,
And yet bears on.

Iren. Ah, Madam! I wou'd speak,
If you cou'd bear the dreadful News I bring.

Princess C. Alas! thou canst not add to grief like mine.

Iren. May I demand then, if you have not told
The Secret to your Husband?

Princess C. Ha! *Iren*---
Why dost thou ask?

Iren. Because but now--*Tourmon*, a Lady of the Queens,
Told me 'tis blaz'd at Court--*Nemours* confessed
He is belov'd by one of such nice Virtue,
That fearing--lest the Passion might betray her,
She own'd, confess'd, and told it to her Husband.

Princess C. Death and Despair--But does *Nemours* avow it?

Iren. He own'd it to the *Vidam*, who agen
Told it to Madam *Tourmon*--she to others;
'Tis true, *Nemours* told not the Ladies name,
Nor wou'd confess himself to be the Party,
But yet the Court in general does believe it.

Princess C. I am undone--my Fame is lost for ever,
And death, *Irene*, must be my remedy;
'Tis true, indeed, I laid my Bosom open,
I shew'd my Heart to that ungrateful *Cleve*,
Who since in dangerous search of him I love,

To the eternal ruine of my Honour,
Has trusted a third Person—But away
I hear his tread, and am resolv'd to tax him.

Enter Princess C.

Ah! Sir, what have you done? if you must kill me,
Are there not Daggers Pois'n—But the Jealous
Are Cruel still, and thoughtful in Revenge;
And single Death's too little; must your will
Of knowing Names, my duty durst not tell you,
Oblige you to betray me to another;
So to divulge the Secret of my Soul,
That the whole Court must know it?

P. C. Ha! know what?

Know my Dishonour, have you told it then?

Princess C. No, 'tis your self, 'tis you reveal'd it Sir,
To gain a Confident for more Discovery,
A Lady of the Queen's just now declar'd it,
To your eternal Shame you have divulg'd it,
She had it from the *Vidam*, Sir, of *Chartres*,
And he from the Duke *Nemours*—

P. C. *Nemours*—

How, Madam, said you—What *Nemours*—*Nemours*!
Does *Nemours* know you love him? Hell and Furies!
And that I know it too, and not revenge it!

Princess C. That's yet to seek, he will not own himself
To be concern'd, he offers not at names,
But yet 'tis found, 'tis known, believ'd by all,
He cannot hold it, 'twill be shortly posted,
That *Cleve* your Wife's that curst dishonour'd She
You told him of—

P. C. Is't possible I told him?

Peace, Peace, and if it lyes in Humane Power
To reason calmly, tell me Murd'ers, tell me,
Compose that Face of flush'd Hypocrisie,
And answer to a truth—Was it my Interest
To speak of this? was I not rather ty'd
To wish it buried in the Grave in Hell!
Whence it might never rise to blot my Honour—
But you have seen him, by my hopes of Heaven,
You have met and interchang'd your secret Souls;
On that Complotted, since I bore so tamely
Your first Confession, I shou'd bear the latter,

G

Princess C.

Princess C. Believe it if you please——

P. C. I must believe it——

This last Proceeding has unmask'd your Soul,
He sees you ev'ry hour, and knows you love him:
Nay, for your greater freedom, you have joyn'd
To make this loath'd detested *Cleve* your Stale.
Ha——I believ'd you might o'ercome this passion,
So well you knew to Charm me with the show
Of seeming Vertue, 'till I lost my Reason.

Princess C. 'Tis likely Sir, it was but seeming Vertue,
And you did ill to judge so kindly of me—
I was mistaken too in that Confession,
Because I thought that you wou'd do me Justice:

P. C. You were mistaken when you thought I wou'd,
Sure you forgot that I was desperate,
Sentenc'd and doom'd by Fate, or rather damn'd
To love you to my Grave—And cou'd I bear
A Rival, what and when I was your Husband,
And when you own'd your passion to my face,
Confess'd you lov'd me much—But lov'd him more:
Ha—Is not this enough to make me mad?

Princess C. You have the power to set all right agen,
Why do you not end me?

P. C. No, I'll end my self,
My Thoughts are grown too violent for my Reason.
By this last usage, Oh! Thou hast undone me;
I know not what—This ought not to be thine—
I have offended and wou'd Sue for pardon;
But yet I blush, the Treason is too gross;
After that most unnatural Confession,
I wonder now that I have liv'd so long:
Confess and then divulge, make me your Bawd——
It Scents too far, the God of Love flies wide,
He gets the Wind, and stops the Nose at this;
No more—Farewel—False *Chartres*, False *Nemours*,
False World, False All, since *Chartres* is not true!
But you your With with lov'd *Nemours* shall have,
And shortly see your Husband in the Grave.

Princess C. Sola.

False World, False *Cleve*, False *Chartres*, False *Nemours*,
Farewel to all, a long and last Farewel:
From all Converse, to Deserts let me fly,
And in some gloomy Cave forgotten lye.

[Exit.]

My

My Bower at Noon the shade of some old Trees
With whistling Winds t'endulge my pomp of ease,
And lulling Murmurs row'd from neighb'ring Seas.
Where I may sometimes hasten to the Shore,
And to the Rocks and Waves my Loss deplore:
Where when I feel my hour of Fate draws on,
Lest the false World thou'd claim a parting groan,
My Mothers Ghost may rise to fix my mind,
And leave no thought of tenderness behind.

Finis Actus Tertii.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Musick, Songs, Maskers, &c.

Nemours with Musick, Lady Poltrot.

Nem. **H**E has confess'd to me he intends to Cuckold *St. Andre*
when he walks in his sleep—Therefore if Love thou'd
inspire me to nick the opportunity, I hope you will not
bar the door which your Husband op'ns—

L. Pol. Ingrateful Monster—

Nem. Ingrateful, that's certain, and it lyes in your power to make
him a Monster.

L. P. I dare not.

Nem. What?

L. P. Trust you.

Nem. Nay then I am sure thou wilt, let me but in to shew the power
you have over me.

L. P. As how my Lord?

Nem. Why, when I have thee in my Arms, by Heav'n I'll quit my
Joys at thy desire—

L. P. That will indeed be a perfect tryal of your love; come then
through the Garden back-stairs, and when you see the Candle put out,
thrust op'n the door.

Nem. By Heav'n I'll eat thy hand—Thou dear sweet Seducer, how
it fires my Fancy to steal into a Garden, to rustle through the Trees,
to stumble up a narrow pair of back stairs, to whisper through the

hole of the door, to kiss it open, and fall into thy Arms with a flood of joy——

L. P. Farewel, the company comes, I must leave you a while, to engage with my Husband, you'll fall asleep before the hour——

New. If I do, the very transport of Imagination shall carry me in my sleep to thy Bed, and I'll wake in the Act. [Exit *L. Pol.*

So there's one in the Fernbrake, and if she stir till Morning I have lost my aim; but now, why what have we here? a *Hugonot* Whore by this light——Have I? For the forward brisk, she that promis'd me the Ball Assignment, that said, there was nothing like slipping out of the crowd into a corner, breathing short an Ejaculation, and returning as if we came from Church——Let me see, I'll put on my Mask, sling my Cloak over my shoulder, and view 'em as they pass, not thou nor thou——

Enter Tournon in the Habit of a Hugonot.

Tour. Ah thou unclean Person, have I hunted thee there like a Hart from the Mountains to the Vallies, and thou would'st not be found; verily thou hast been amongst the Daughters of the Philistines——Nay, if you are Innocent, stand before me, and reply to the words of my mouth——

New. I shall truly——

Tour. Say then——Hast thou not defil'd thy self with any Dalilah, since last you felt upon my Neck and loved much?

New. Nay verily——

Tour. Have you not overheated your Body with adulterate Wines? have you not been at a Play, nor touch'd Fruit after the leud Orange-Women?

New. I am unpolluted.

Tour. And yet methinks there is not the same colour in your cheeks; nor does the Spirit dance in your Eye as formerly, why do you not approach me? [Unmasking.]

New. *Tournon* turn'd Heretick! why thou dear Rascal, this is such a new Frolick, that though I am engag'd as deep as Damnation to another, thou shalt not 'scape me. [Marg. claps him on the shoulder.]

Marg. I love a Man that keeps the Commandment of his word.

New. And I a Woman that breaks hers with her Husband, yet loves her Neighbour as her self——I wou'd fain be in private with you.

Cl. And I with you, because I am resolv'd never to see you more.

New. Never to see me more? the reason.

Cl. Because I hate you.

New. And yet I believe you love me too, because you are precise to the Minute.

Cl. True, yet I hate you justly, heartily and maliciously——

New.

New. By Gad, and I'll love thee as heartily, justly and maliciously, as thou canst love me for thy blood; come away Riddle, and I'll unfold thee. [Exeunt.]

Poltro, St. Andre *disguis'd with* Elianora, L. Poltro *coming up to 'em---*

Elia. But is it true indeed, that your Friend can tell all the actions of our Life past, present, and to come, yet cannot speak one word?

Pol. O he's infallible! why what did you never hear of your second-sight men, your Dumb High-landers that tell Fortunes? why you wou'd think the Devil in Hell were in him, he speaks exactly.

Elia. I thought you had said he was Dumb?

Pol. Right, but I am his Interpreter, and when the fit comes on him, he blows through me like a Trunk, and strait I become his speaking Trumpet.

L. P. Pray, Sir, may not I have my Fortune told me too?

Pol. Ay—and there were a thousand of you, he will run you 'em over like the Chris cross-row, and never miss a tittle; he shall tell ye his name that cry'd God bless you when you sneez'd last, tell you when you wink'd last, when and where you scratch'd last, and where you fate o' Saturday——

Elia. Pray let him tell us then, for we are Sisters, our Tempers and Conditions, whether married or unmarried, with all the Impertinences thereunto belonging——

Pol. I'll speak to him—Son of the Sun, and Emperor of the Stars——

St. A. Ha, Ha——

Pol. Look ye, look ye, he's pleas'd to tell you, but you must go near him, for he must look in your hand, touch your Face, Breasts, and where-ever else he pleases.

St. A. —Makes Horns with both his hands, puts his Finger in his Mouth and Laughs.

Pol. *In nomine domine Bomine.* I protest I am confounded; well Ladies, I cou'd not have thought it had been in you, but 'tis certainly true, and I must out with it; first he says, you are both married, you are both Libidinous beyond example, and your Husbands are the greatest Cornutors in Christendom——

Elia. }

L. P. } Indeed.

Pol. Ay indeed, indeed and indeed——He says you are a couple of *Messalina's*, and the Stews cannot satisfy you; he says your thoughts are swell'd with a Carnosity; nay, you have the Green Sickness of the Soul, which runs upon nothing but weighing Stallions, churning Boars, and bellowing Bulls—— *L. P.*

L. P. O! I confels, I confels—But for Heav'n sake, dear Sir—
Let it not take Air, for then we are both undone.

Elia. O! Undone, undone Sir, if our Husbands shou'd know it, for they are a couple of the Jealoufests, troublesome, impertinent Cuckolds alive.

Pol. Alack! Alack—O *Jezabel!* but I will have my Eunuchs fling her from the Window, and the Dogs shall eat her.

L. P. But, pray Sir, ask him how many times—

Pol. What, how many times you have Cuckolded 'em?

Elia. Spare our Modesty, you make the Blood so flush in our Faces.

Pol. But by *Jove* I'll let it out, I'll hold her by the Muzzle, and stick her like a Pig—

L. P. Will you speak to him Sir?

Pol. See, he understands you without it, he says your Iniquities are innumerable, your Fornications like the hairs of your head, and your Adulteries like the Sands on the Sea shore; that you are all Fish downward; that *Lo's* Wife is fresh to you, and that when you were little Girls of Seven, you were so wanton, your Mothers ty'd your hands behind you—

Elia. All this we confels to be true, but we confels too, if Fate had found out any sort of Tools, but those leaden Rogues our Husbands.

L. P. Whose Wits are as dull as their Appetites—

El. Mine such a Utensil, as is not fit to wedge a Block.

L. P. Nor mine the Beetle to drive him—

St. A. Nay then 'tis time to uncase and be reveng'd.

L. P. Heark you Strumpet—

El. } Ha, Ha, Ha, are you not fitted finely,

L. P. } —You must turn Fortune-tellers, must you?

Elia. And think we cou'd not know you?

L. P. Well Gentlemen, shall homely *Beck* go down with you at last?

Pol. But didst thou know me then indeed?

L. P. As if that sweet Voice of yours cou'd be disguis'd in any shape.

Pol. Nay, I confels I have a whirl in my Voice, a warble that is particular—

El. And what say you Sir, shall musty Wife come into Grace agen?

St. A. She shall, and, here's my hand on't, all Friends *Nell*, and when I leave thee agen, may I be Cuckold in earnest.

Pol. Certain as I live, all this proceeded from his Lady, my dreaming Cuckold Wife cou'd never think on't; well, I am resolv'd this very night, when he Rambles in his sleep, to watch him, slip to his Wife and say nothing. Hey! Come, come, where are these Dancers, a little Diversion and then for Bed.

Dance.

Dance.

Tour. to *Elia*. I have lock'd the *Vidam* in your Closet, who will be sure to watch your Husbands rising, therefore be not surpriz'd—

[*Exit Tournon.*]

St. A. Come, well let's away to bed.

El. And what then?

St. A. Nay, Gad that I can't tell, for what with Dancing, Singing, Fencing, and my last Dutchess, I am very Drowzy.

Pol. And so am I, perhaps our Wives have giv'n us *Opium*, lest we shou'd disturb 'em in the night.

Eli. Don't these Men deserve to be fittid?

Col. They do, and Fortune grant they may—Hear us, O! hear us good Heav'n, for we pray heartily.

[*Exeunt as Nemours and Marguerite enter.*]

Nem. Was ever Man so blest with such possession,
Thou Ebbing, Flowing, Ravishing, Racking Joy;
A Skin so white and soft, the yielding Mould
Lets not the Fingers stay upon the dirt,
But from the beauteous Dimples slips 'em down
To pleasures that must be without a name.
Yet Hands, and Arms, and Breasts we may remember,
And that which I so love, no smelling Art,
But sweet by nature, as just peeping Violets,
Or op'ning Buds.

Marg. Than you do love me?

Nem. O! I cou'd dye methinks this very hour,
But for the luscious hopes of thousand more,
And all like these, yet when I must go out,
Let it be thus, with beauty laughing by me,
Songs, Lutes and Canopeis, while I Sacrifice
To thee the last dear ebbing drop of Love.
But show me now that face.

Marg. No, you dissemble, you say the same thing to every one you meet; I thought once indeed to have fixt my Heart upon you, but I'm off agen, and am resolv'd you shall never see me.

Nem. You dally, come, by all the kindness past.

Marg. Swear then.

Nem. What?

Marg. Never to touch your dear Domestick she,
That lives in Shades to all the World but me.
Do you guess I know you now?

Nem. I do, and swear, but are these equal Terms, that you shall never touch a Man but me?

Marg.

Marg. I will—But how can you convince me? Oaths with you Liberties of Honour are to little purpose.

Nem. But this must satisfy thee, there is more pleasure in thee after Enjoyment, than in her and all Woman-kind before it; thou hast Inspiration, Extasie, and Transport, all these bewitching Joys that make men mad——

Marg. Unmasking] And thou Villany, Treachery, Perjury, all those Monstrous, Diabolical Arts, that seduce Young Virgins from their Innocent homes, to set 'em on the High-way to Hell and Damnation.

Nem. Ha! Ha! my *Marguerite*, is't possible?

Marg. Call me not yours, nor think of me agen,
I am convinc'd you're Traytors all alike,
And from this hour renounce you——

Not but I'll be reveng'd,
Yes, I will try the Joys of Life like you,
But not with Men of Quality, you Devils of Honour;
No, I will satisfy
My Pride, Disdain, Rage and Revenge more safely,
By all the Powers of Heav'n and Earth I will;
I'll change my loving lying Tinsel Lord,
For an obedient wholesome drudging Fool.

Nem. Why this will make the matter easie to both,
Take you your Ramble Madam, and I'll take mine.
But is't possible for one of your nice taste
To Bed a Fool?

Marg. To choose, to choose my Lord
A Fool, now by my Will and pride of Heart,
There's Freedom, Fancy and Creation in't,
He truckles to the Frown, and cries forgive me;
Besides the moulding of him without blushing;
And what wou'd Woman more, now view the other
Your Man of Sense, that vaunts despotick Pow'r,
That reels precisely home at break of day,
Thunders the House, brains half the Family,
Cries, where's my Whore, what will she Stew till Doomsday?
When she appears, and kindly goes to help him,
Roars out a Shop, a walking-shop of Scents,
Flavours of Physick, and the clammy Bath,
The stench of Orange-flow'rs, the Devil Pulvilio;
These, these, he cries, are the Blest Husband's Joys!

Nem. I swear most natural and unaffected—Ha! Ha—

Marg. But if he chance to use her civilly,
Take heed, there's covert malice in his Smiles,
Millions to one the Villain has been Whoreing,

And

And comes to try Experiments on her,
Besides a thousand under Plots and Crosses,
Prescribing silence still where-e'er he comes,
No chat, he cries, of Colours Points or Fashions.

Nem. Preach on Divine, Ha, Ha——

Marg. Let me not hear you ask my sickly Lady,
Whither she found Obstructions at the Waters.

Nem. Fye, that's Obscene——

Marg. Thus Damns the Affectation of our Prattle,
And Swears he'll Gag the Clack, or what is worse.

Nem. Nay, hold——

Marg. Send for the new found Lock——

Nem. What Mad——

Marg. Do Villain, Traytor——

Contrive this Mischief, if thou canst, for me,
Send thou the Padlock, but I'll find the Key. [Exit.

Nem. Whir goes the Partridge on the purring Wing—
Yet when I see my time I must recall her,
For she has admirable things in her, such as if I gain not, the Princess
of Cleve may fix me to her, without nauseating the Vice of Constancy—
Ha! *Bellamore.*

Enter Bellamore.

What News, my Dear, Ha—Hast thou found her? Speak.

Bell. I have.

Nem. Where, how, when and by what means?

Bell. After I had enquir'd after the Prince's Health,
I ask'd a Woman of his Lady, who told me,
She was retir'd into the great Bower in the Garden.

Nem. The very place where first I saw and lov'd her,
When after I had sav'd the Prince's Life,
He brought me late one ev'ning to the view,
There Love and Friendship first began;
My Love remains and Friendship, as
Much as Man can have for his Cuckold.

Nay, I know not that Man upon Earth I love so well, or cou'd take so
much from, as this hopeful Prince of Cleve——Didst thou see her in
the Garden——

Bell. My Lord, I did, where she appear'd like her that gave *Aaron*
Horns, with all her Nymphs about her, busie in tying Knots which she
took from Baskets of Ribbons that they brought her; and methought she
ri'd and untid 'em so prettily, as if she had been at Cross Questions, or
knew not what she did, her Face, her Neck, and Arms quite bare——

Nem. No more, if I live I'll see her to night, for the Heroick Vein
comes upon me—Death and the Devil, what shall become of the back-

H

stair

stair Lady then—Heark thee *Bellamore*, take this Key, dost thou hear Rogue? go to *St. Andre's House*, through the Garden up the back-stairs, push open the door and be blest. Hell! can't I be in two places at once? Heark thee, give her this, and this, and this, and when thou bitest her with a parting blow, sigh out *Nemours*.

Bell. I'll do't—

Enter the Prince of Cleve.

Nem. Go to *Tournon* for the rest, she'll instruct thee in the Management: Away. [Exit Bell.]

Ha! he comes up but slowly, yet he sees me,
Perhaps he's jealous, why then I'm jealous too;
Hypocritise and Softness, with all the Arts of Woman,
Tip my Tongue.

P. C. I come, my Lord, to ask you if you love me.

Nem. Love thee, my *Cleve*, by Heav'n, e'er yet I saw thee,
Thus were my Prayers still offer'd to the Fates,
If I must choose a Friend, grant me ye Powers
The Man I love may seize my Heart at once;
Guide him the perfect temper of your selves,
With ev'ry manly Grace and shining Vertue;
Add yet the bloom of Beauty to his Youth,
That I may make a Mistress of him too.

P. C. O Heav'n!

Nem. That at first view our Souls may kindle,
And like two Tapers kindly mix their Beams;
I knelt and pray'd, and wept for such a Blessing,
And they return'd me more than I cou'd ask,
All that was Good or Great or Just in thee.

P. C. You say you love me, I must make the proof,
For you have brought it to a doubt—

Nem. In what?

P. C. In this, you have not giv'n me all your Heart,
You Muse of late, ev'n on my Bridal day,
I saw you sit with a too thoughtful brow,
You sigh'd and hung your Head upon your Hand:
Nay in the midst of Laughter—
You started, blush'd and cry'd 'twas wond'rous well,
And yet you knew not what—Speak like a Friend,
What is the cause my Lord?

Nem. Shall I deal plainly with you? I'm not well.

P. C. I do believe it, how hap'ned the Distemper?

Nem. It is too deep to search,
Nor can I tell you.

P. C. Then you're no Friend.

Shou'd

Shou'd *Cleve* thus answer to *Nemours*, I cannot:

Say rather that you will not trust a Man

You do not love.

Nem. By Heav'n I do.

P. C. By Heav'n you do? Yet 'tis too deep to search
For such a shallow Friend.

Nem. Of all Mankind

You ought not—

P. C. Nay, the rest.

Nem. It is not fit,
Be satisfied, I'll bear it to my Grave
Whate'er it be.

P. C. You are in Love my Lord,
And if you do not Swear—But where's the need?
You start, you change, you are another Man,
You blush, you're all constraint, you turn away.

Nem. Why take it then; 'tis true, I am in Love,
In Torture, Racks, in all the Hells of Love,
Of hopeless, restless and eternal Love.

P. C. Her name my Lord.

Nem. Her name my Lord to you?

P. C. To me Confusion, Plagues and Death upon me,
Why not to me? And wherefore did you say,
Of all Mankind I ought not—There you stop,
But wou'd have said—To pry into this business—
Yet speak to ease the Troubles of my Soul,
By all our Friendship, by the Life thou gav'st me,
I do conjure thee, thunder in my Ears,
'Tis *Chartres* that thou lov'st, *Chartres* my Wife.

Nem. Your Wife, my Lord?

P. C. My Wife, my Lord, and I must have you own it.

Nem. I will not tell you Sir, who 'tis I love,
Yet think me not so base, were it your Wife,
That all the subtlest Wit of Earth or Hell
Shou'd make me vent a Secret of that nature
To any Man on Earth, much less to you.

P. C. Yet you cou'd basely tell it to the *Vidam*,
And he to all the Court—But I waste time,
By all the boiling Venom of my Passion,
I'll make you own it e'er we part—Dispatch,
Say thou hast Whor'd my Wife, Damnation on me,
Pronounce me Cuckold.

Nem. But then I give my self the Lye,
Who told you just before, I wou'd not speak,

Tho I had done it——Which I swear I have not——
Beside, I fear you are going Mad.

P. C. Draw then and make it up,
For if thou dost not own what I demand,
What you both know and have complotted on me,
Tho neither will confess, I swear agen,
That one of us must fall.

Nem. Then take my Life.

P. C. I will, by Heav'n, if thou refuse me Justice;
Draw then, for if thou dost not I will kill thee,
And tell my Wife thou basely didst confess
Thy Guilt at last, in hopes to save thy Life.

Nem. That is a blast indeed, that Honour shrinks at,
Therefore I draw, but Oh! be witness Heav'n,
With such a trembling Hand and bleeding Heart,
As if I were to fight against my Father.
Therefore I beg thee by the name of Friend,
Which once with half this Suit wou'd have dissolv'd thee;
I beg thee, gentle *Cleve*, to hold thy hand.

P. C. I'm Deaf as Death, that calls for one or both.

[*Cleve is disarm'd, Nemours gives him his Sword agen.*]

Nem. Then give it me, I arm thy hand agen,
Against my Heart, against this Heart that loves thee;
Thrust then, for by the Blood that bears my Life,
Thou shalt not know the name of her I love;
Not but I swear upon the point of Death,
Your Wife's as clear from me, as Heav'n first made her.

P. C. No more my Lord, you've giv'n me twice my Life.

Nem. Are you not hurt?

P. C. Alas, 'tis not so well,

I have no Wound but that which Honour makes,
And yet there's something cold upon my Heart,
I hope 'tis Death, and I shall shortly pay you,
With *Chartres* love, for you deserve her better.

Nem. No Sir, you shall not, you shall live my Lord,
And long enjoy your beauteous virtuous Bride;
You shall, Dear Prince, why are you then so cold?

P. C. I cannot speak——

But thus, and thus, there's something rises here.

Nem. I'll wait you home, nay, shake these drops away,
And hang upon my arm——

P. C. I will do any thing,

So you will promise never to upbraid me.

Nem. I swear I will not.

P. C. But will you love me too
As formerly?

Nem. I swear far more than ever.

P. C. Thou know'st my Nature soft, yet Oh such Love!
Such Love as mine, and injur'd as I thought,
Wou'd spleen the Gaul-less Turtle, wou'd it not?

Nem. It wou'd by Heav'n—You make a Woman of me. [*Weeping.*]

P. C. Why, any thing thou say'st to humour me,
Yer it is kind, and I must love these Tears,
I hope my Heart will break, and then we're ev'n;
Yet if this cruel Love thy *Cleve* shou'd kill,
Remember after Death thou lov'dst me still.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Tournon with the Vidam.

Tour. SO let that corner be your Post, and as soon as ever you see
St. Andre come stalking in his Dream, slip to his Lady, and
when you have agreed upon the Writings, I'll be ready to bring you off
with a Witness—

Vid. Thou Dear obliging—

Tour. No more o' that; away, mark but how easily those that are
gifted with Discretion bring things about; in the name of Goodness let
Men and Women have their Risks: but still be careful of the Main—
Here's a hot-headed Lord goes mad for a prating Girl, Treats her, Pre-
sents her, Flames for her, Dies for her, till the Fool complies for pure
Love, and when the business fails, is forc'd to live at last by the love of
his Footmen; but she that makes a firm Bargain, is commonly thought
a great Soul, for my Lord having consider'd on't, thinks her a Person of
depth, and so resolves to have it out of her—But why do I talk so
my self, when there's something to do, certainly I shou'd have made a
rare Speaker in a Parliament of Women, or a notable Head to a Fe-
male Jury, when his Lordship gravely puts the question, whither it be
Satis or *Non Satis* or *Nunquam Satis*, and we bring it in *Ignoramus*—
Ha! but who comes here? I must attend for *Bellamore*.

Enter Poltrot, Celia over-bearing.

Pol. My Wife and I went to Bed together, and I'll warrant full she
was of Expectation, so white and clean, and much inclin'd to laugh, and
lay at her full length, as who wou'd say come eat me.

Cel. Said she so sweet Sir?

Pol. Nor a bit by the Lord, not I, not I—

Cel. Alas! nice Gentleman.

Pol. A Farmer wou'd say this was barbarously done, because he loves
Beef—But I have Plover in reserve—Ha! *St. Andre*, heark, I
hear

hear him bustle, O Lord! how my heart goes pit a pat! nay, I dreamt last night I was Gelt——

{ Enter St. Andre in his sleep.

'Tis he, 'tis he, by the twilight I see him—— *{ The Vidam goes in——*
Ay, now the politrick head goes, it shall be branch'd by and by—What was that stop for, there's neither Gate nor Stile in your way; now by that sudden stretch, he seems as if he wou'd take a jump, or practice on the High ropes; O your humble Servant Sir, I'll but do a little bus'ness for you, and be with you agen. Nay, look you Sir, I have as many Bobs as *Democritus* when he cry'd Poor lack—There's more Pride in a Puritans Band, short Hair, and Cap pinch'd, than under a Kings Crown. Poor Jack, Citizens, Citizens, look to your Wives, the Courtiers come, look to 'em, they'll do 'em, look to 'em, they'll do 'em, Poor Jack——

St. A. Ha! Ha! You'll tickle me to death——Nay, prithee *Pen*—Your Mistress will hear us—Thou art the wantonest Rogue——

Enter Tournon with Bellamore.

Tour. Madam.

Gel. Here's.

Tour. Here's a Thief I took in your Chamber——

Bell. Ah Madam! retire for a moment, and I'll make you the whole Confession.

Gel. Confess and you know what follows, however I am resolv'd to hear what you can say for your self. *[Exeunt.]*

St. A. Nay Pish, nay Fie sweet heart——

But I'll kiss you if I can;

I did not take you for to be

Such a kind of a Man.

[Re-enter Poltrot.]

But I'll go call my Mother as loud as I can cry,

Why Mother, Mother, Mother, out upon you, Fye.

Pol. O Lord! O Lord! I had like to have trod upon a Serpent that wou'd have bit me to death. I went to take up the Cloths as gently as I cou'd for my Life, when a great huge hoarse Voice flew in my face, with Damme you Son of a Whore, I'll cut your Throat; you may guess I withdrew, for o' my Conscience the Fright had almost made me unclean; but I'll to my own Spouse, and if the Lord be pleas'd to bring me off safe this bout, I'll never, never go a Cuckold-making agen while my eyes are open. *[Exit.]*

St. A. Hark, my Wife's coming up Stairs——Help up with my Breeches; so, so, smoothe the Bed——What damn'd Luck's this——So, fall a rubbing the Room agen——Hark you Wife, *Gelia* has been upon the hunt for you all this day, she's below in the Garden, go, go, we'll kiss when you come back——Now Sirrah, now you Rogue, she's gone, come, come, lose not your opportunity, I'll keep on my Breeches for fear——Ay? No, no, not upon the Bed, Pish, against the back of this

this Chair—Won't it—How can you tell—Try—I'll buy thee a new Gown, and a Fan, and a lac'd Petticoat, and pay thee double Wages; O! thou dear pretty soft sweet wriggling Rogue, what wouldst thou dodge me, Gad but I'll have thee, Gad but I'll catch thee; Ay, and have at thee agen and agen. [Exit. Re-enter Poltror.]

Pol. Was ever Man of Honour thus unfortunately met with? I went into my Chamber and trod as softly as a half-starv'd Mouse, for fear of waking my Cat, when coming close to my Bed-side, methought it rock'd to and fro like a great Cradle, and the Cloaths heav'd as if some Beast lay blowing there—But the Beast was by the Bed-side it seems—Yes, I am, and who can help it, as very a Cornuto as e'er was grafted—I heard my beloved Wife too—The Plagues of Egypt on her—Speak to lovingly and angrily together—Nay, Prithee my Dear—Nay, now you are tire some—I shall be asham'd to look you in the face agen! Why, how will she look upon me then? O Lord—O Lord—What shall I do? shall I stand thus like a Cuckoldly Son of a Whore, with my Horns in my Pocket and not be reveng'd—

—Enter St. Andre—

But here comes as very a Cuckold as my self, I am resolv'd to wake him, and we'll fall upon 'em together—Allo, St. Andre, St. Andre.

St. A. Ti—ti 'tis im—im—im—possible I-I-I thou'd be the Man, Fo-Fo-Fo I cannot speak a plain word.

Pol. You're a Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold.

St. A. Why lo-lo-look you, I said it co-co cou'd not be me, for Sir, I all the World knows I am no Ca-Cu-Cu-ckold.

Pol. Wake, wake, I say, or I'll shake the bones out of your Body, your Horns are a growing, your Bed is a going, your Heifer's a Plowing.

St. A. Why, let her Plo-Plo-Plow on, if the Se-Se-Seed be well Sown, we shall have a good Cro-Crop—

Pol. Worse and worse, why then I will roar out directly and raise the Neighbours—Help! Ho, Help! Murder! Murder! Fire! Fire! Fire! Cuckoldom! Cuckoldom! Thieves! Murder! Rapes! Cuckoldom!

Enter the Vidam and Bellamore. The Vidam comes up to Poltror, shoots off a Pistol, St. Andre and Poltror fall down together—Tournon enters with the Ladies—Tournon leads off the Vidam and Bellamore.

Cel. Thieves! Thieves! Ho! Jaques! Pedro—Thoma—

Elia. Thieves! Thieves—Wake! wake! my Lord.

St. A. Waking] Why, what a Devil's the matter? where am I?

Elia. O! you'll never leave this ill habit of walking in your sleep—'Tis a mercy we had not all been Murder'd—You went down in your Shirt Sir, open'd the door, and let in Rogues that had like to have cut all

all our Throats—But for the future I am resolv'd to tye you to me with the Bed cord, rather than endure this —

St. A. Where's *Poltrot*?

Gel. Murder'd Sir, here! here! here! one of the Villains discharg'd a Pistol just in his Belly —

St. A. Shot in the Guts! Lord bless us! here *Thom.* a light! light! light! shot in the Guts say you —

Pol. Oh! Oh—Lower, lower, lower—Feel, feel, search me, lower, lower —

St. A. Cold hereabouts—Let's bear him to his Bed, and send for a Surgeon —

Pol. Softly! softly! softly—Come not near me Crocodil; Oh! Oh—

St. A. Unhappy Chance, no where but just in the Guts?

Pol. Yes, yes, yes, in the Head too, in the Head Man, in the Head: Nay, and let me tell you, you had best search your own, but bear me off or I shall Swoon, I feel something trickle, trickle in my Breeches; Oh! Oh! Oh! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Nemours, Pedro list'ning.

Nem. **A** Lafs! Poor Prince, I protest the Violence of his Passion has cast him in a Fever, he dies of it—And how then? shall I Marry the Princess of *Cleve*, or stick to *Marguerite* as we are? for 'tis most certain she has rare things in her, which I found by my last Experiment, and I love her more than ever, almost to Jealousie; besides *Tourneux* tells me, the Dauphin begins to buz about her agen, and who knows but in this heat of hers, as she says, she will hang her self out to sale, but he may nick the time and buy her—I like not that—No, I'll throw boldly, clear the Table if I can, if not, 'tis but at last forswearing Play, shake off my new acquaintance, and be easie with my reserve—Heark, I am just upon the Bower Musick—

Pedro. I have hitherto obey'd my Master's order, but I'm resolv'd to dog him till he's lodg'd—

Nem. Now do I know the Precise will call me damn'd Rogue for wronging thy Friend, especially such a soft sweet natur'd Friend as this gentle Prince—Verily I say they lye in their Throats, were the gravest of 'em in my condition, and thought it shou'd never be known, they wou'd rouse up the Spirit, cast the dapper Cloak, leave off their humming and haing, and fall too like a Man of Honour. [Exit.]

Pedro I'll face him till he enters the Bower, and then call my Lord. [Ex.]

Scene

Scene the Bower, Lights, Song.

The Princess of Cleve, Irene.

S O N G.

Lovely Selina, Innocent and Free
From all the dangerous Arts of Love,
Thou in a Melancholy Grove
Enjoy'd the sweetness of her Privacy,
Till th' envious Gods designing to undo her,
Dispatcht the Swain, not unlike them, to wo her:
It was not long e'er the design did take,
A gentle Youth born to persuade,
Deceiv'd the too too easie Maid;
Her Scrip and Garlands soon she did forsake,
And rashly told the Secrets of her Heart,
Which the fond Man would ever more impart.
False Florimel, Joy of my Heart, said she,
'Tis hard to Love and Love in vain,
To Love and not be Lov'd again,
And why shou'd Love and Prudence disagree?
Pity ye Powers that sit at ease above:
If e'er you knew what 'tis to be in Love.

Princess C. Alas! Irene, I do believe Nemours
The Man thou represents him; yet, Oh! Heav'n,
And Oh my Heart! in spite of my resolves,
Spite of those matchless Virtues of my Husband,
I love the Man my reason bids me hate:
Yet grant me some few hours ye Saints to live,
That I may try what Innocence so arm'd
As mine, with vows can do in such a cause!
The War's begun, the War of Love and Vertue,
And I am fixt to conquer or to dye.

Iren. Your Fate is hard, and since you honour'd me
With the important Secret of your Life,
I've labour'd for the Remedy of Love.

Princess C. I must to Death own thee my better Angel,
Thou know'st the struglings of my wounded Soul,
Hast seen me strive against this lawless Passion,

Till I have lain like Slaves upon the Rack,
 My Veins half burst, my weary Eye-balls fixt,
 My Brows all cover'd with big drops of Sweat,
 Which strangling Grief wrung from my tortur'd Brain.

Ir. Alas I weep to see you thus agen.

Princess C. Thou hast heard me curse the hour, when first I saw
 The fatal charming Face of lov'd *Nemours*,
 Hast heard the Death-bed Counsel of my Mother.
 Yet what can this avail, spite of my Soul
 The Nightly Warnings from her dreadful Shroud?
 I love *Nemours*, I languish for *Nemours*,
 And when I think to banish him my Breast,
 My Heart rebels, I feel a gorgeing pain
 That choaks me up, tremblings from Head to Foot;
 A shog of Blood and Spirits, Mad-mens Fears,
 Convulsions, gnawing Griefs and angry Tears.

Enter Nemours.

Ha! but behold—My Lord——

Nem. O! Pardon me,
 Spare me a minute's space and I am gone.

Princess C. Is this a time Sir?

Nem. O! I must speak or dye.

Princess C. Dye then, e'er thus presume to violate
 The Honour of your Friend, your own and mine——

Nem. Yet hear me, and I swear by all things Sacred,
 Never to see you more.

Princess C. Speak then—— And keep your word.

P. C. Horror and Death!

Nem. Did you but know what 'tis to love like me,
 Without a dawn of Bliss to dream all day,
 To pass the night in broken sleeps away,
 Toss'd in the restless tides of Hopes and Fears,
 With Eyes for ever running o'er with Tears;
 To leave my Couch, and fly to beds of Flow'rs,
 To invoke the Stars, to curse the dragging hours,
 To talk like Mad-men to the Groves and Bow'rs,
 Cou'd you know this, yet blame my tortur'd Love,
 If thus it throws my Body at your Feet:
 Oh! fly not hence;

Vouchsafe but just to view me in despair,
 I ask not Love, but Pity from the Fair.

Princess C. O Heavens! inspire my Heart.

Nem.

Nem. The Heavenly Powers

Accept the poorest Sacrifice we bring,
A Slave to them's as welcome as a King.
Behold a Slave that Glories in your Chains,
Ah! with some shew of Mercy view my Pains;
Your piercing Eyes have made their splendid way,
Where Lightning cou'd not pass——
Even through my Soul their pointed Lustre goes,
And Sacred Smart upon my Spirit throws;
Yet I your Wounds with as much Zeal desire,
As Sinners that wou'd pass to Bliss through Fire.
Yes, Madam, I must love you to my Death,
I'll sigh your name with my last gasp of Breath.

Princess G. No more, I have heard you Sir, as you desir'd,

Enter the Prince of Cleve.

Reply not, but withdraw, if possible;
Fix to your word, and let us trust our Fates,
Be gon I charge you, speak not, but retire: [Exit. *Nem.*

P. G. Excellent Woman, and Oh! matchless Friend,
Love, Friendship, Honour, Poison, Daggers, Death. [Falls.

Princess G. O Heaven! *Irene*, help! help the Prince my Lord.
My Dearest *Cleve*, wake from this Dream of Death,
And hear me speak——

P. G. Curse on my Disposition,
That thus permits me bear the Wounds of Honour!
And Oh! thou foolish, gentle, love-sick Heart,
Why didst thou let my hand from stabbing both?

Princess G. Behold, 'tis yet my Lord within your Power
To give me Death——

P. G. I do entreat thee leave me,
I'm bound for Death my self, and I wou'd make
My passage easie, if you wou'd permit me:
All that I ask thee for the Heart I gave thee;
And for the Life I love in thy behalf,
Is, that thou'dst leave me to my self a while,
And this poor honest Friend——

Princess G. I wou'd obey you,
But cannot stir——I know, I know my Lord,
You think that I design'd to meet *Nemours*
This night, but by the Powers above I Swear.

P. G. O! do not Swear, for *Chartres* credit me,
There is a Power that can and will revenge;
Therefore dear Soul, for I must love thee still,
If thou wilt speak, confess, repent thy fault,

And thou, perhaps, may'st find a door of Mercy :
For me, by all my hopes of Heav'n, I swear
I freely now forgive thee——Oh! my Heart——
Pedro, thy arm, let me to bed——

Princess G. And do you then refuse
My help?

P. G. In Honour *Chartres*, after such a Fall,
I ought not to permit that thou shou'dst touch me——

Princess C. But Sir, I will, your arm? I'll hold you all
Thus in the closest strictest dearest Clasp;
Nor shall you dye believing my Dishonor,
I swear I knew not of *Nemours* his coming,
Nor had I spoke those words which yet were guiltless,
Had he not vow'd never to see me more:
By our first Meeting, by our Nuptial Joys,
By my dead Mother's Ghost, by your own Spirit;
Which Oh! I fear is taking leave for ever,
I swear that this is true——

P. C. I do believe thee;
Thou hast such Power, such Charms in those dear Lips,
As might persuade me that I am not dying.

Off *Pedro*, by my most untimely Fate
I swear—I'm reconcil'd; and heark thee *Cleve*,
If thou dost Marry, Ha! I cannot speak,
Away to Bed, yet love my Memory——

Princess G. To Bed, and must we part then?

P. C. O! we must——
Were I to live I shou'd not see thee more——
But since I am dying, by this Kiss I beg thee,
Nay, I command thee part, be gone and leave me.

Princess C. I go, and leave this Farewel Prayer behind me.
For me, if all I've said be not most true,
True as thou think'st me False, all Curses on me!
The Whips of Conscience, and the Stings of Pleasure,
Soars and Distempers, Disappointments plague me;
May all my Life be one continu'd Torment,
And that more Racking than a Woman's Labour,
In meeting Death may my least Trouble be
As great as now my parting is with thee.

Exeunt severally.

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Poltrót, Bellamore.

Bell. Come, come, take her into Grace agen, 'twas but a slip.
Pol. Take her into Grace agen?—Why sure you wou'd have her bring me to that pass she did in *England*, when my Lord *Hairbrain* us'd to keep me in awe, stand biting my Lips, twisting my Hat, playing with my Thumbs while they were at it, and I durst not look behind me.

Bell. Meer Jealousie; you say your self you saw nothing.

Pol. No Sir, I thank you, I had more care of my Throat; neither is this the first Fault; for once upon a time, a little while after we were Married, at *London*—a Pox o' that Cuckolding *Trojan* Race; she was talking to me one day out of her Window more pleasantly than ordinary—And acted with her Head and Body wond'rous prettily—Butting at me like a little Goat, while I butted at her agen. I being glad to find her in so good humour, what did I Sir, but stole away, and came softly up the back-stairs, thinking to cry Bo—But Oh! Lord—How was I Thunder-struck, to find my Lord *Hairbrain* there all in a Sweat—Kissing and Smacking, Puffing and Blowing so hard, you wou'd have sworn they had been at Hot-cockles—

Bell. A little Familiar perhaps, things of Custom—

Pol. Ay Sir, Kiss my Wife and welcome, but for that Zeal in her shogging and Butting—*Noli me tangere* I cry—I am sure it ran so in my Imagination, I have been Horn-mad ever since—I therefore spare your pains, for I am resolute.

Enter Celia.

Bell. See where she comes my Lord—But you are resolv'd you say—However, let me advise you, have a care of making her desperate. [Exit.]

Pol. Desperate—Damn her, Polluter of my Sheets—Damn her. Seek, *Celia*, not to shun me, for where'er you fly, I'll follow—hang upon thy knees and dye.

Pol.

Poltrou, behold—Ah! canst thou see me kneel,
And yet no Bowels of Compassion feel?
Why dost thou bluster by me like a Storm,
And ruffle into Frowns that Godlike Form?
Why dost thou turn away those Eyes of thine,
In which Love's Glory and his Conquests shine?

Pol. What is this thing call'd Woman? she is worse
Than all Ingredients ram'd into a Curse.
Were she a Witch, a Bawd, a Noseless Whore,
I cou'd forgive her, so she were no more:
But she's far worse, and will in time Forestall
The Devil, and be the Damning of us all.

Cel. Yet Honour bids you sink with her you call
So foul, whose Frailties you too sharply nam'd;
Like *Adam* you shou'd choose with her to fall,
And in meer Generosity be Damn'd.

Pol. No, by thy self, and all alone be curst,
And by the Winds thy Venom dust be hurl'd;
For thou'rt a Serpent equal to the first,
And hast the will to Damn another World.

Cel. But am I not thy Wife? Let that atone——

Pol. My Dear Damn'd Wife, I do confess thou art
Flesh of my Flesh, and Bone too of my Bone,
Wou'd mine had all been broke when first thou wert.

Cel. Why then I'll cringe no longer, heark you Sir, leave off your
Swelling and Frowning, and awkward ambling, and tell me in fine,
whether you'll be reconcil'd or no, for I am resolv'd to stoop no longer
to an ungrateful Person.

Pol. To your Husband, to your Head, to your Lord and Master, you
will not Goodey *Bashkeba*, but you cou'd stoop your Swines Flesh last
night you cou'd, to your Rank Bravado, that wou'd have struck his
Tusks in my Guts; he had you with a Beck, a Snort, nay, o' my Con-
science thou wou'dst not give him time to speak, but hunch'd him on
the side like a full Acorn'd Boar, cry'd Oh! and mounted——

Cel. Are you resolv'd then, never to take me into Grace agen for
one Slip?

Pol. No, I'm the Son of a Carted Bawd if I do; a Slip do you call
it? what, when I heard the Bed crack with the Violence of my Cuckol-
dom! No, I will ascend the Judge of my own Cause, proceed to Con-
demnation, and banish thee for ever the Confines of our Benevolence——

Cel. What here, before the *Vidam* here?

Pol. Yes, Impudence, before the *Vidam* and the Duke *Nemours*; nay,
to thy eternal Confusion, I will post thee in the Market-place; but
first I'll find out *St. Andre*, and tell him the whole matter, that he
may

may know too, what a Ram his blessed Ewe has made him, and then——

Cel. And then I'll have your Throat cut.

Pol. Ha! Tygress, cut my Throat! why thou Shee Bear! thou Dam of Lyons Whelps, thou Cormorant of Cormorants, why what wilt thou devour me Horns and all?

Cel. He that mis'd your Guts in the dark, shall take better aim at your Gullet by day-light; nay, to thy Terror of Heart be it known, thou Monster of ill nature, if I wou'd have consented last night to have run his Fortune, which is no small one, he wou'd have murder'd thee in thy Bed, for I heard him speak these very words, Let him lye, *In Mortuis—& in limbo Patrum*—Where I must have pray'd for that unthankful Soul, or thou wou'dst have been Damn'd to all Eternity, dying suddenly and without Repentance——

Pol. O Lord! O Lord! *In Mortuis, & in limbo Patrum*; what, to be toss'd on burning Pitchforks for my Sins, why, what a Bloody-minded Son of *Belial* is this?

Cel. In fine, since you will have the truth, he has long had a design upon both our Bodies, to Ravish mine, and rip open yours.

Pol. Why then he's a *Cannibal*; Lord! Lord! Lord! Lord! why what pleasure can it be to any Man to rip me open? to Ravish thee indeed, there's some Sense in that—But there's none in ripping me open; why this is such a brutish Cruelty——

Cel. Rogue, and so I told him—Therefore: when he found that nothing cou'd make me consent to your Murder, he Swore, and caught me by the hair, if I stir'd, or made the least noise, he wou'd Murder us all, set the House o' Fire, and so leave us to our selves——

Pol. And so thou wert forc'd to consent; why then by this Kiss, I Swear from my Soul, which might have been Damn'd as thou sayst, but for thee, I forgive thee—And what was he that Cuckolded *St. Andre*, such another *Mephistophilus* as this too?

Cel. O! my Dear, there are not such a pair of Fiends upon Earth agen—Why, they look upon't as a Favour to our Sex if they Ravish a Woman, for you must know they were formerly Heads of the Banditti——

Pol. Well, and I must praise thy Discretion in Sacrificing thy Body, for o' my Conscience, if they had seen this Smock-face of mine, I had gone to pot too before my Execution.

Cel. They sent their Pages this Morning to know whether it was our pleasure to have your Throats cut: But we answered 'em all was well, and desir'd 'em as ever they hop'd to see us agen, to stir no further in the matter.

Pol. Mum, Mum, dear sweet Soul, secure my Life and thou shalt command me for the future with as full a swing as thou canst desire,
only

only like those that use that exercise, let it be too and fro, sometimes at home and sometimes abroad, and we'll be as merry as the day is long.

Cel. Be thou but true to me, and like the Indian Wives, I'll not out-live thee——

Pol. And I'll Swear now, that was kindly said, as I hope for mercy; but it makes me weep, what burn for me——And shall I not return, I will, I will, I will return when thou dost burn;

Enter St. Andre, Elianor.

Nay, when thy Body in the Fire appears,
My Ghost shall rise and quench it with his Tears.

St. A. All Flesh is Grass, that's certain, we're all Mortal, the Court's in Mourning for the Prince of *Cleve*, the *Vidam* of *Chartres* is extremely griev'd——Heark you *Poltrou*, sure as I am alive he dy'd of Jealousie. Well *Nelle*, for this last care of thine, I Swear to be constant to thy Sheets, and as thou sayst, I think it will not be amiss to tye me to thee now and then for fear of the worst——Ha! *Poltrou*——

Pol. Ha! Bully, I heard your kind Expressions to your *Nelle*, and I'll Swear I'll vie thee with who shall love most, for I'll Swear these daily Examples make my hair stand an end——Cut my Throat, and rip me open, he shall Cuckold me all over first, like the Man in the Almanack, nay, he shall Ravish her while I hold the door to my own deflow'ring.

SCENE II.

Tournon, Nemours.

Nem. **R**esolv'd never to see me more, and give up her Honour to the Dauphin, that puling sniveling Prince, that looks as if he suck'd still, or were always in a Milk Diet for the Sins of his Florentine Mother.

Tour. Bless me! you are jealous.

Nem. I confess it——The last time I had her in Disguise, she made such Discoveries as I shall never forget: Lose her I must not, no, I'll lose a Limb first, therefore go tell her, tell her the Prince of *Cleve's* Death has wrought my Conversion, I grow weary of my wild Courses, repent of my Sins, am resolv'd to leave off Whoreing and marry his Wife——

Tour. So the Town talks indeed.

Nem. The Town is as it always was and will be, a Talk, a Hum, a Buz, and a great Lye——Do as I bid thee, and tell her, just as you left me, I was going to make my Court to the Princess upon her Husband's Tomb, which is true too, I mean a Visit by the way of Consolation,
not

not but I knew it the only opportunity to catch a Woman in the undress of her Soul; nay, I wou'd choose such a time for my life, and 'tis like the rest of those starts, and one of the Secrets of their Nature—Why they melt, nay, in Plagues, Fire, Famine, War, or any great Calamity—Mark it—Let a man stand but right before 'em, and like hunted Hares they run into his lap.

Tour. But who's the Instrument to bring you to her?

Nem. Her Uncle the *Vidam*, she lies at his House immur'd in a dark room, with her Husband's Image in her view, and so resolves, he says, for Death. However I'll found her in the ebb of her Soul, if my Boat run aground 'tis but calling for *Marguerite*, and she'll weep a Tide that shall set me afloat agen—As thus, I'll lay the Dauphin in her dish, nose her in the Tiptoe of her Pride, Railing, Lying, Laming, Hanging, Drowning, Dying, and she comes about agen. [Exit.]

Tour. Go thy ways *Petronius*, nay, if he were dying too, with his Veins cut, he wou'd call for Wine, Fiddles and Whores, and laugh himself into the other World.

Enter La March.

Where's *Marguerite*?

La M. She follows like a Wind, with swollen Cheeks, ruffled Hair, and glareing Eyes, the Princess of *Cleve* has found her Fury, nor will she yet believe it.

SCENE III.

The Princess of Cleve, Irene in Mourning, Song, as the Princess kneels at the State.

Princess C. **D**EAD thou dear Lord—Yet from thy Throne of Bliss,
If any thing on Earth be worth thy view,

Look down and hear me, hear my Sighs and Vows,
Till Death has made me cold, and Wax like thee:

Water shall be my Drink and Herbs my Food,

The Marble of my Chappel be my Bed;

The Altars Steps my Pillows, while all night

Stretch'd out, I groaning lye, upon the Floor,

Beat my swoll'n Breasts, and thy dear loss deplore.

Iren. Ah! Madam, what a Life have you propos'd?

Princess C. Too little all for an Offence like mine;

Yet Death will shortly purge my dross away,

For Oh! *Irene*, where's the Joy I find it here,

Yes, I shall dye without those violent means

That might have hazarded my Soul—O Heaven—

O thou that seest my Heart, and know'st my Terrors,

Wilt thou forgive those Crimes I cou'd not help,

And wou'd not hide?

Iren. Doubt not but your Account

K

Shall

Shall stand as fair in his Eternal Book,
As any Saints above——

Princess C. Take, take me then
From this bad World, quench these Rebellious thoughts;
For Oh! I have a pang, a longing wish
To see the Luckless Face of lov'd *Nemours*,
To gaze a while, and take one last Farewel,
Like one that is too loose a Limb—'Tis gone—
It was corrupt, a Gangreen to my Honour,
Yet I methinks wou'd view the bleeding part,
Shudder a little—Weep—and grudge at parting.
But by the Soul of my triumphant Saint,
I swear this longing is without a guilt,
Nor shall it ever be by my appointment.

Enter Nemours.

Iren. But if he shou'd attempt this cruel visit,
How wou'd your Heart receive him?

Princess C. With such Temper,
So clear and calm in-height of my Misfortune,
As thou thy self perhaps wou'dst wonder at.

Iren. Ha! but he's here——

Princess C. Is't possible my Lord?
Has then my Uncle thus betray'd my Honour?

Nem. Start not, nor wonder Madam, but forgive
The *Vidam* who has thus entrap'd your Virtue,
To end a ling'ring Wretch—That dies for Love——

Princess C. For Love, my Lord, is this a time for Love,
In Tears and Blacks, the Livery of Death?
But what's your hope, if I shou'd stay to hear you?
Ah! What can you expect from rigorous Vertue,
From Chastity as cold as *Cleve* himself?

You that are made, my Lord, for other Pleasures——

Nem. Is this then the reward of all my Passion?
As if there cou'd be any Happiness
For this disconsolate despairing Wretch,
But in your Love alone?

Princess C. You're pleas'd my Lord
That I shou'd entertain you, and I will,
Before this dear Remembrancer of *Cleve*;
We'll talk of murder'd Love—And you shall hear
From this abandon'd part of him that was,
How much you have been lov'd.

Nem. Ha! Madam——

Princess C. Yes,
Sighing I speak it Sir, you have inspir'd me

With

With something which I never felt before,
That pleas'd and pain'd the quicknings of first Love;
Nor fear'd him then, when with his Infant Beams,
He dawn'd upon my chill and senseless Blood.
But Oh! when he had reach'd his fierce Meridian,
How different was his form! that Angel Face,
With his short Rayes, shot to a glaring God.
I grew inflam'd, burnt inward, and the Breath
Of the grown Tyrant, parch'd my Heart to Ashes.
Nor need I blush to make you this Confession,
Because, my Lord, 'tis done without a Crime.

Nem. Because for this most blest discovery,
I am resolv'd to kneel an Age before you.

Princess G. Rise, I conjure you, rise, I've told you nothing
But what you knew, my Lord, too well before:
Not but I always vow'd to keep those Rules
My Duty shou'd prescribe.

Nem. Strike me not dead
With Duty's name, by Heav'n I Swear you're free
As Air, as Waters, Winds or open Wilds,
There is no Form of Obligation now;
Nay, let me say, for Duty: O forgive me,
'Tis utmost Duty now to keep that Love
You have confess'd for me.

Princess G. 'Tis Duty's Charge,
The voice of Honour and the cry of Love,
That I shou'd fly from *Paris* as a Pest,
That I shou'd wear these Rags of Life away
In Sunless Caves, in Dungeons of Despair,
Where I shou'd never think of Man agen.
But more particularly that of you,
For Reasons yet unknown.

Nem. Unknown they are,
And wou'd to Heav'n they might be ever so,
Since 'tis impossible they shou'd be just;
Nay, Madam, let me say the Ghost of *Cleve*—

Princess G. Ah! Sir, how dare you mention that dear name,
That drains my Eyes, and cries to Heav'n for Blood.
Name it no more without the Consequence,
For 'tis but too too true, you were the Cause
Of *Cleve's* untimely Death, I Swear I think
No less than if you had stabb'd him through the Heart.

Nem. O! Cruel Princess, but why shou'd I answer,
When thus you raise the shadow of a reason
To ruin me for ever? Is it a fault

To Love? Then blame not me; No, Madam, no,
But blame your self, who told it to your Husband;
But Oh! you wou'd not argue thus against me
If ever you had lov'd——

You have deceiv'd your self and flatter'd me;
Why am I thrown else from the Glorious Height,
Snatch'd in a moment from my blissful State,
And hurl'd like Lightning by the hand of Fate?

Princess G. Be satisfi'd, my Lord, you are not flatter'd,
I have such Love for you, that Duties bar,
Wou'd prove too weak to hinder our Engagement.
But there is more.

Nem. More Fancy, more Chimera!
But let it come, I'll stand the stalking Nothing,
And when the bladder'd Air wou'd turn the Ballance,
I'll cast in Love substantial, pondrous Love,
Eternal Love, and hurl him to the Beam.
But speak, and if a Hell of Separation
Must part my Soul and Body, do not Rack me,
But let the Poyson steal into my Veins,
And Damn me mildly, Madam, as you can.

Princess G. Hear then, my bosom thought—'Tis the last time
I e'er shall see you, and 'tis a poor reward
For such a Love, yet, Sir, 'tis all I have,
And you must ask no more.

Nem. Be Witness, Heav'n,
Of my Obedience, I will ask her nothing.

Princess G. Know then, my Lord, you're free, and I am so
Free for the eternal Bond of Marriage——
My Heart too is inclin'd by Love like yours,
Nor can I fear the censuring World shou'd blame us.
But now, my Lord, What Power on Earth can give
Security that Bond shall prove Eternal?

Nem. Ha! Madam.

Princess G. Silence, silence I command you;
No, no, *Nemours*. I know the World too well,
You have a Sense too nice for long Enjoyment,
Cleve was the Man that only cou'd love long;
Nor can I think his passion wou'd have lasted,
But that he found I cou'd have none for him.
'Tis Obstacle, Ascent, and Lets and Bars,
That whet the Appetite of Love and Glory;
These are the fuel for that fiery Passion,
But when the flashy stubble we remove,
The God goes out and there's an end of Love.

Nem.

Nem. Ah Madam! I'm not able to contain,
But must perforce break your commands to answer,
Once to be yours, is to be for ever yours,
Yours only, without thought of other Woman.

Princess G. Why this sounds well and natural till you're cloid,
But Oh! when one satiety has pall'd you,
You sicken at each view, and ev'ry glance
Betrays your guilty Soul, and says you loath her.
I know it, Sir, you have the well-bred cast
Of Gallantry and Parts to gain success,
And do but think when various Forms have charm'd you,
How I shou'd bear the cross returns of Love?

Nem. Ah Madam! now I find you're prejudic'd
To blast my hopes.

Princess G. 'Tis Reason, all calm Reason;
Nature affirms no violent thing can last,
I know't, I see't, ev'ry new Face that came
Wou'd charm you from me—Ha! and cou'd I Love
To see that Fatal day, and see you scorn me,
To hear the Ghost of *Cleve* each hour upbraid me;
No, 'tis impossible, with all my Passion,
Not to submit to these Almighty Reasons;
For this I brave your noblest Qualities,
I'll keep your Form at distance, curb my Soul,
Despair of Smiles and Tears, and Prayers and Oaths,
And all the Blandishments of Perjur'd Love:
I will, I must, I shall, nay, now I can,
Defie to Death the lovely Traytor Man.

Nem. No. Madam, think not you shall carry't thus,
'Tis not allowable, 'tis past example,
'Tis most unnatural, unjust and monstrous;
And were the rest of Women thus resolv'd,
You wou'd destroy the purpose of Creation.
What, when I have the happiness to please,
When Heav'n and Earth combine to make us happy,
Will you defeat the aim of Destiny,
By most unparallel'd extreams of Vertue,
Which therefore take away its very Being?

Princess G. Away, I must not answer, but conjure you
Never to seek occasion more to see me;
Farewel——'Tis past.

Nem. I cannot let you go;
I'll follow on my Knees, and hold your Robe,
Till you have promis'd me that I shall see you,
To shew you how each day by slow degrees

I dye away: This you shall grant by Heav'n,
Or you shall see my Blood let out before you.

Princess C. Alas! *Nemours*, O Heav'n! why must it be,
That I shou'd charge you with the death of *Cleve*?

Alas! why met we not e'er I engag'd
To my dead Lord? And why did Fate divide us?

Nem. Fate does not, No——

'Tis you that cross both Fortune, Heav'n and Fate;

'Tis you obstruct my Bliss, 'tis you impose

Such Laws as neither Sense nor Vertue warrant.

Princess C. 'Tis true, my Lord, I offer much to duty,
Which but subsists in thought, therefore have patience,

Expect what time, with such a love as mine,

May work in your behalf; my Husband's death

So bleeding, fresh I see him in the Pangs;

Nay, look, methinks I see his Image rise.

And point an everlasting Separation;

Yet Oh! it shall not be without a Tear.

Nem. O! stay.

Princess C. Let go, believe no other Man

Could thus have wrought me, but your self, to Love——

Nem. Stay then.

Princess C. I dare not—Think I love you still—

Nem. I do—But stay and speak it o'er agen——

Princess C. Believe that I shall love you to my death.

Nem. I will. But live and love me.

Princess C. Off, I charge you.

Believe this parting wounds me like the Fate

Of *Cleve* or worse: Believe, but Oh! farewell——

Nem. Believe, but what? That last thought I implore.

Princess C. Believe that you shall never see me more.

[Exit.

Enter the Vidam.

Vid. Well, and how goes the Game? What, on the Knee, a gather'd
Brow, and a large dew upon it? Nay, than you are a looser.

Nem. Didst thou see her pass?

Vid. I did—she wrung me by the hand and sigh'd,

Then look'd back twice,

And totter'd on the threshold at the door.

Nem. Believe that you shall never see me more—she Lyes, I'll Wager
my State, I Bed her eighteen months three weeks hence, at half an hour
past two in the Morning.

Vid. Why Faith, and that's as exact as e'er an Astrologer of 'em all.

Nem. Give me thy hand, *Vidam*, I know the Souls of

Women better than they know themselves;

I know the Ingredients just that make 'em up,

All to loose Grains, the subtlest volatile Atoms,

With

With the whole Misch-mash of their Composition.
Heark there without, the voice of *Marguerite*,
Now thou shalt see a Battle worth the gazing,
Mark but how easily my reason flings her,
And yet at last I'll swing into Friendship
Because I love her—

Enter Bellamore.

Bell. The Princess—shall I stop her?

Nem. No, let her come,
With flying Colours, and with beat of Drum—
Like the Fanatick, I'll but rub me down,
And then have at her, *Vidam*, stay you here—
By Heav'n I'm jealous of this changeable Stuff,
Therefore the hits will be the livelier o' both sides,
The Dauphin, but no more—she comes, she comes.

Enter Marguerite pushing Bellamore.

Marg. Be gon, Villain, Devil, Fury, Monster of a Man.

Nem. But hear me but six words in private.

Enter Poltrot, Celia.

Pol. And I swear by this lascivious bit of Beauty, I will cleave to my *Celia* for Better for Worse, in Searge, Grogrum or Crape, though a Queen shou'd come in my way in Beaten Gold—

Nem. What then, Gentlemen, I perceive there have been Wars at home—

Pol. Not a Battle, my Lord, only a Charge, a Charge sounded or so.

Nem. What was it a Trumpet, or through a Horn Sir?

Pol. A Horn Sir, a Horn Sir, no Sir, 'twas not a Horn Sir—Only my *Celia* was a little disdainful, but we are Friends agen Sir, and what then Sir?

Nem. Come, come, all Friends, were *Tournon* here I wou'd forgive her, a litte Scorn in a pretty Woman, so it be not too much affected, is a Charm to new Friendship; therefore let each Man take his Fair one by the hand, thus lay it to his Lips, and Swear a whole Life's Constancy—

St. A. As I will to my *Nelle*, though I haule Cats at Sea, or cry Small-coal; and for him that upbraids her, I'll have more Bobs, than *Demo-critus* when he cry'd Poor-Jack. There's more Pride in *Diogenes*, or under a Puritan's Cap, than in a King's Crown.

Nem. For my part, the Death of the Prince of Cleve, upon second thoughts, has so truly wrought a change in me, as nothing else but a Miracle cou'd—For first I see, and loath my Debaucheries—Next, while I am in Health, I am resolv'd to give satisfaction to all I have wrong'd; and first to this Lady, whom I will make my Wife before all this Company e'er we part—This, I hope, whenever I dye, will convince the World of the Ingenuity of my Repentance, because I had the power to go on.

He well Repents that will not Sin, yet can,
But Death-bed Sorrow rarely shews the Man.

T H E

EPILOGUE.

What is this Wit which Cowley cou'd not name?
The rare Inducement to a perfect Fame,
The Art of Nature curious in a Frame.

Is it a Whig, a Trimmer, or a Tory,
Or an Old Fop forgotten in the Story?
'Tis Honour veil'd in Honesty's Disguise,
Or Cesar like a Fencer in a Prize;
'Tis Pindar's Ramble, Nature in Misrule,
A Politician acted by a Fool.
'Tis all Variety that Arts can give,
The Danaid's filling of a Leakey Sieve:
The Valleys Sweets, and the distilling Spring,
The brimming Bacchus that the Muses bring,
To drink the Health of England's Glorious King.
A Statesman thoughtful for a Clown revil'd,
A Pestle and a Mortar for a Child.
'Tis a true Principle, but hardly shown,
An Artificial Sigh, a Virgins Groan,
When the first night her Lover layes her on.
'Tis like a Lass that Gads to gather May,
'Tis like the Comedy you have to day,
A Bulling Gallant in a wanton Play.

F I N I S.